

# Desert

FEBRUARY, 1952 . . . . 35 Cents







*Visitors to the 1952 Riverside County Fair and National Date Festival will witness the production of the "Arabian Nights" Pageant each evening at 6:45 p.m., from an authentic outdoor Arabian stage. Presented as a community project by the people of the Coachella Valley a cast of nearly 100 performers participates in the production.*

## *Date Festival to Stage "Arabian Nights"*

**R**IVERSIDE COUNTY and the Coachella Valley desert area will roll out the magic Arabian carpet for the thousands of visitors expected to attend the 1952 Riverside County Fair and National Date Festival at the county fairgrounds at Indio, California, February 19 to 24.

Staged on a colorful 80-acre fairgrounds amid California's date gardens, the feature of the 6-day program is to be the presentation each evening of a colorful pageant of the Arabian desert.

Several thousand local citizens will be dressed in native Arabian costume to add color to the festivities. The Arabic-designed fairgrounds, with beautiful gardens containing many rare varieties of date palms, will present a spectacle of oriental splendor in appropriate desert atmosphere.

The site for the 1952 event will be doubled in size to provide room for expansion made necessary by the rapid growth of the fair and festival during the past five seasons, according to Manager Bob Fullenwider who has been responsible for the success of the annual event since World War II days.

Improvements soon to get under way on the newly acquired property, which will be largely used as a huge parking lot to accommodate visiting motorists, will consist of overhead lighting in the date palms, paved roads, new rest rooms and the permanent erection of nearly 400 horse stalls which are to be built now far from the main arena and grandstand.

Exhibits will include California dates, desert citrus and other agricultural products, livestock show and junior fair department, floriculture, home economics, dairy products, lumber and lumber products.

The exhibition of minerals and mining, under the supervision of Omar Kerschner of Indio, is expected to be one of the highlights of the 1952 National Date Festival.

Camel races will be featured at each afternoon's performance and a street parade with costumed horsemen, dozens of bands and colorful floats has been set for Washington's Birthday, February 22, starting at 10:30 a.m.

Visitors are urged to bring their cameras to take advantage of the brilliant and unusual settings to be seen at the fairgrounds. Motorists attending the event will travel through one of California's most scenic desert areas.

## DESERT CALENDAR

- February — Midwinter Exhibition; paintings by Taos artists. Harwood Foundation, Taos, New Mexico.
- February 3—Wickenburg Gold Rush, sponsored by Roundup Club. Wickenburg, Arizona.
- February 2-3 — 12th Annual Palm Springs Rodeo, Polo Grounds, Palm Springs, California.
- February 2-3, 9-10, 23-24—Arizona Daily Sun Classification Ski Races, Flagstaff, Arizona.
- February 8, 17, 24 — Chamber of Commerce Travelcade, Mesa, Arizona.
- February 9—Auto caravan to Box Canyon, Dos Palms, Salton Sea and Hot Springs. Desert Museum, Palm Springs, California.
- February 9-10 — Arizona Tribal Agency Indian Rodeo and Fair, Mesa, Arizona.
- February 10—Dons Club Trek to Cave Creek, from Phoenix, Arizona.
- February 10 — Bandolero tour to Palm Canyon, from Yuma, Arizona.
- February 10 — Desert Sun Rancher Rodeo, Rancho de Los Caballeros, Wickenburg, Arizona.
- February 10—Tad Nichols' film on "San Juan-Colorado Adventure." Desert Museum, Palm Springs.
- February 15-16—Square Dance Festival and Fiddlers Contest, Phoenix, Arizona.
- February 16—Bicycle Rodeo, Tucson, Arizona.
- February 16-17 — Phoenix Thunderbird Ski Meet, Flagstaff, Arizona.
- February 16-17—Overnight field trip to San Felipe on Gulf of California. Desert Museum, Palm Springs, California.
- February 16-17—Silver Spur Rodeo, Yuma, Arizona.
- February 17—Illustrated talk on Zion, Utah, by Dr. Richard F. Logan. Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.
- February 19-24 — Riverside County Fair and National Date Festival, Indio, California. National horse show, camel races, "Arabian Nights" pageant.
- February 21-24—Tucson Rodeo, La Fiesta de los Vaqueros, Rodeo Grounds, Tucson, Arizona.
- February 23-24 — Shadow Mountain Gem and Mineral Show, *Desert Magazine* Pueblo, Palm Desert, California. Held in conjunction with Riverside County Fair and Date Festival.
- February 24—Illustrated talk, "The Picturesque Southwest," by Guy Nelli. Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.
- February 24—Dons Club Trek to St. Johns Mission, from Phoenix, Arizona.
- February 24 — Desert Sun Rancher Rodeo at Slash Bar K Ranch, Wickenburg, Arizona.
- February 25—Desert Geography lecture: "Indians of the Southwest—the Navajo, Hopi, Apache, Pima and Papago." Desert Museum, Palm Springs, California.



Volume 15

FEBRUARY, 1952

Number 2

<b>COVER</b>	NAVAJO MISS, by Josef Muench, Santa Barbara, California	
<b>PAGEANTRY</b>	Riverside County Fair and National Date Festival	2
<b>CALENDAR</b>	February events on the desert . . . . .	3
<b>PHOTOGRAPHY</b>	Pictures of the Month . . . . .	4
<b>PERSONALITY</b>	Padre of the Papago Trails By HAROLD O. WEIGHT . . . . .	5
<b>CONTEST</b>	Announcement for photographers . . . . .	10
<b>INVITATION</b>	First Annual Desert Midwinter Rockhound Fair . . . . .	10
<b>HOMESTEADING</b>	Shack on the Mojave, prize-winning story By BILL MOORE . . . . .	11
<b>POETRY</b>	Wheel of the Wagon Train and other poems . . . . .	13
<b>GHOST TOWN</b>	Treasure Hills of the Utah Desert By NELL MURBARGER . . . . .	14
<b>DESERT QUIZ</b>	A True-False test of your desert knowledge . . . . .	19
<b>INDIANS</b>	Kayba Discovers a Strange New World By SANDY HASSELL . . . . .	20
<b>CLOSE-UPS</b>	About those who write for Desert . . . . .	21
<b>OUTPOST</b>	They Run the Ferry at Hite By JOYCE ROCKWOOD MUENCH . . . . .	22
<b>LETTERS</b>	Comment from Desert's readers . . . . .	27
<b>NEWS</b>	From Here and There on the Desert . . . . .	29
<b>TALL TALES</b>	Pegleg Gold Hunters Meet for Annual Liar's Contest . . . . .	33
<b>MINING</b>	Current news of desert mines . . . . .	36
<b>HOBBY</b>	Gems and Minerals . . . . .	37
<b>LAPIDARY</b>	Amateur Gem Cutter, by LELANDE QUICK . . . . .	41
<b>COMMENT</b>	Just Between You and Me, by the Editor . . . . .	42
<b>BOOKS</b>	Reviews of Southwestern literature . . . . .	43

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## PICTURES OF THE MONTH . . .

### *"Rags" . . .*

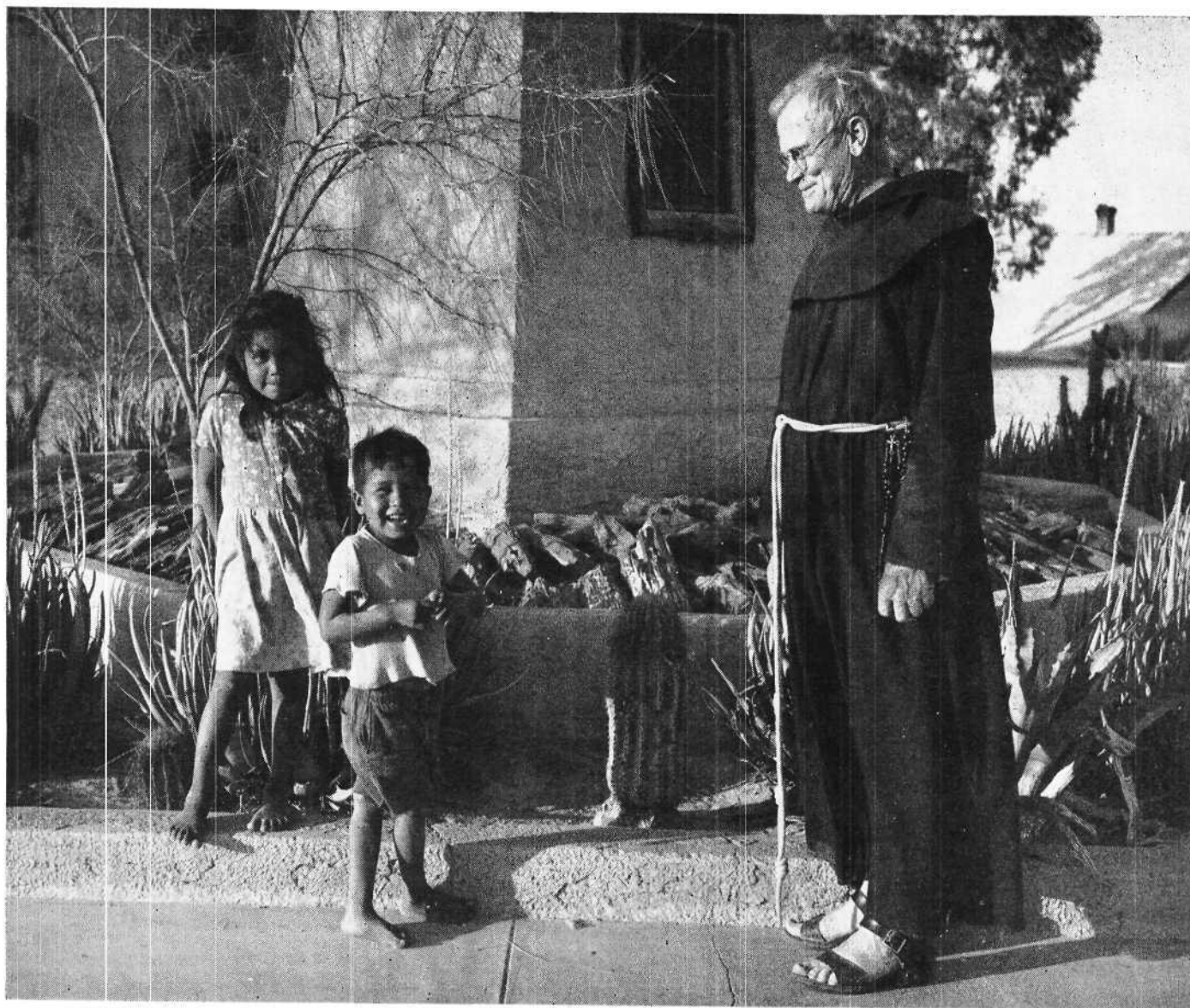
This shaggy resident of Utah was photographed by Nell Murbarger of Costa Mesa, California, who was awarded first prize in the January photo contest. Miss Murbarger used an Argoflex Model C-2 camera with a G filter on Super XX film, 1/50 second at f. 14.

### *Desert Sand . . .*

Great Sand Dunes National Monument, at the base of the impressive Sangre de Cristo Mountains in Colorado, forms subject matter of this photographic study which won second place for David L. De Harport of Denver, Colorado. It was taken with a 3½x4¼ R.B. Auto Graflex camera, G filter, on Isopan film.







*Father Bonaventure and two of his "angelitos"—Quechan children of the Yuma reservation. On the left is Carolyn, six years old, and next to her is four-year-old Junior.*

# Padre of the Papago Trails

By HAROLD O. WEIGHT  
Photographs by the Author

**E**ARLY LAST year the good news reached us: Father Bonaventure Oblasser had been assigned to St. Thomas Indian Mission on historic Fort Yuma hill. The "Padre of the Indian Trails"—away too long—was coming back to his beloved Southwestern deserts.

Nearly a dozen years had slipped by since he left Papagoland for California. There, directed by his Franciscan brotherhood, he served successively at Pala, Santa Ysabel and San Luis Rey in San Diego county, then at Mission San Miguel, far north of Santa Barbara.

Father Bonaventure Oblasser perhaps knows more about the Papago and their country than any one white man ever knew. For 30 years he worked among these Southwest Indians and their neighbors, the Pima. He lived in their villages, spoke their language, helped them establish schools, build chapels and improve tribal living standards. After an absence of nearly a dozen years, the "Padre of the Indian trails" has returned to the desert Southwest and, now with the Yumans, carries on in a modern world the work begun centuries ago by Spanish Fathers Garces and Kino.

When we visited Father Oblasser at his two most recent California posts, he seemed lost. His face lighted with the mention of familiar desert places, and we knew he was a man away from home.

It was a completely different story when we came to see him at St.

Thomas. There, even though "this old Papago" was not quite home geographically, he was completely so in spirit. And from Fort Yuma hill, on the Quechan Indian Reservation, he could look across the Colorado River and over modern Yuma to the Gila Mountains, knowing that beyond them,

stretching far to the east and south, lay the arid, beautiful southern Arizona desert which is his true homeland.

It was there that he labored for nearly 30 years among the Papago and the Pima. There Indian ways and thought-patterns became an ingrained part of his being. And there he proved himself a fearless, an able, and an unrelenting crusader for the rights of our native Southwesterners.

When we went to St. Thomas, Father "Ventura" met us almost in the shadow of the statue to his martyred Franciscan predecessor, Father Francisco Garcés. In 1781, near this very spot, Garcés was killed by ancestors of the Quechans—or Yumans—now living on the surrounding reservation. How very much alike were these two men—kindred not only through their calling and their Brotherhood, but true companions of the spirit.

Father Garcés went alone among

the desert Indians, ate their food, lived in their villages. So did Father Oblasser. With only Indian guides, Father Garcés traced out the old Indian trails; helping build the walls with his own hands, he raised missions in the forbidding desert. So has Father Oblasser. There can be no true comparison between men of different epochs—but the mantle of Father Francisco would fit well upon Father Bonaventure's shoulders.

Strangely enough, in the beginning he had no thought of working in the desert Southwest. Born in Portland, Oregon, he entered the Franciscan order at Santa Barbara when 16 years old. He was ordained and completed his studies at the coastal mission, then served in Oakland, California, from 1908 to 1910, preparing for missionary work among the Chinese.

He was busy learning the Chinese language when told that a worker was needed badly among the Pima Indians of Arizona.

Until the call came, Father Bonaventure had not even known that his order had missionaries among the Pimas. But before the end of March he was at Sacaton, and early in May he had learned enough of the Pima language to use it in working with them. "I had to," he explains simply. "So I got a Pima boy and had him talk and talk and talk, until I could talk back to him."

Learning the language of those he works among always has been of primary importance to Father Bonaventure. In the quick, rushing staccato of his speech, which perhaps is affected by the Indian tongues he has learned, he explained it to us: "Suppose a Chinese was to come over here and say: 'You likum heap so-so.' Would you be likely to accept his philosophy? No. You've got to be able to talk their language right. Get their ideas. Explain yours to them."

Father Bonaventure proceeded to do that with the Pimas. But his work with them, it turned out, was only a preliminary, a training period for the task that was to occupy him for so many years. On July 14, 1911, the Franciscans took over, as part of their program, the missionary work among the scattered families of the Papago tribe. Father Mattais was put in charge of the work, but within a week he was dead, as the result of an operation. The task of leadership fell to Father Bonaventure, then just 26 years old.

The lower reaches of Papagoland were "almost the end of the world" then. Carl Lumholtz had just completed the first modern exploration of the area, and his maps, filling in what formerly had been totally blank, were not yet published. But in October, 1911, against the advice of Father Justin, the old padre at San Xavier del Bac, Father Bonaventure set out with horse and wagon and native helper to learn about the vast desert territory, stretching to the Mexican border and below, which suddenly had become his responsibility. For nearly six weeks he wandered, on wagon trails and beyond them, to wherever Papago villages existed.

Many years later Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, noted Southwestern historian, was to say: "Father Bonaventure Oblasser knows more about the Papago Indians and their country than any other man ever knew." Father Ventura gained that information the hard way. When he returned from that first reconnaissance, he had a good idea of the task before him.

"Father Mattais had planned to put up a lot of little chapels," he explained. "But what I wanted, number one, was schools. I believe in ideas getting

*Young Father Bonaventure Oblasser, photographed in the garden at San Xavier del Bac, about 1920. Already he had established many chapels and mission schools in Papago country.*







*A dedication ceremony at Topawa, about 1925. Left to right: Father Bonaventure, Bishop Gercke, Governor Hunt of Arizona, Father Novatus, Father Collymore of Ajo (white collar), Father Friedolin of Laguna-Acoma; Father Juan who built St. Thomas on Fort Yuma hill, Father Antoine of the Pimas, Father Rafael.*

through. The government Indian officials told me: 'It's impossible! You can't do it!' There was no water supply. No teachers. No anything else. Nothing! But we needed schools. So I started building them in the southern part. We had schools in 1912. We opened them with a 55 registration at Topawa."

The water? "It was hauled from ponds and put in barrels with little faucets. It wasn't clear water. It was brown. But you could drink it."

The building itself? "I didn't know a thing about building when I came out there. I was the most impractical fellow possible. Just a student. I'd studied history since I was a little kid. I didn't even play with other youngsters—I studied history all the time."

"There I was with a bunch of green Indians. All they knew was how to build wattle buildings and make an adobe that was stamped down with the feet. I had to show them how to make adobe bricks—and I didn't know how! But I learned. Mix water, you

know—and put a thing here and put it there.

"For carpentering I had to get a couple of Indians from San Xavier who had a little training from Haskell Institute. I had to take their word for it on everything they did. But we got a building up—the original Topawa building, the first headquarters for Papago work in modern times. It was a fright—but the skeleton is still standing." Later a good floor was put in, and other additions and revisions were made.

Then came the problem of teachers. Only a handful of the Papagos had ever been to any kind of school. But out of these Father Bonaventure managed to obtain two Indian girls to start the educational work, and more as the other schools opened.

For open they did, all over lonely Papagoland. In 1912 there were Topawa and Little Tucson. The next year the mission school at Chuecho, and in 1915 Cababi and Comobabi. Later came Pisinimo, Covered Wells, Santa

Rosa, Anekam, San Lorenzo, La Lesna.

At first religious services were held in the school buildings. The mission chapels came later. Eventually the Franciscans had about 36 missions throughout Papagoland, one at each pueblo and central village, and two in Mexico. Now there are six men working in the field Father Oblasser pioneered.

His work among the Pimas, of course, helped him greatly with the Papagos. "The Papago and the Pima have the same language," he says. "It's Pima language. The Pimas say the Papago are a branch of the Pima and the Papago say the Pimas are a branch of the Papago. Pima is not a name they gave themselves. Their name is *Ootam*. But the Papago are the Desert *Ootam* and the Pimas are the River *Ootam*."

On July 12, 1951, those Desert *Ootam* staged a celebration at Topawa, commemorating the 40th anniversary of the Catholic missionary work in the



*Above—Topawa, Father Bonaventure's first headquarters, and the first school which he and his assistants built. Photographed with later additions and revisions about 1918.*

*Below—La Lesna, one of the chapel and school units founded during Father Bonaventure's service to the Papago. The old Indian, right, was the builder of this stone structure.*

area and honoring Father Oblasser, complete with a traditional Papago feast. All of the Papago people have good reason to honor Father Oblasser. He was one of the small group which won their present reservation for them and safeguarded their ancient form of land ownership.

When he came into the Papago country in 1911, a movement was under way, sponsored by those worried about preserving land for the Indians, to divide the area into little squares—for each Papago 160 acres. The government approved, without obtaining the viewpoint of a majority of the tribe, and allotments were made for the whole southern area. But, as Father Bonaventure soon learned, the Indians, centuries before, had divided the land for themselves according to families.

The new division took no account of this. Squares simply were laid out and assigned.

"That meant that somebody got somebody else's land. Somebody got communal land. The land which the whole village of Topawa had worked was allotted to one man." At the same time a similar allotment scheme was being carried out among the Navajo, where Father Anslem Weber was working. Father Weber and Father Oblasser went to Washington, presented the Indians' case, and had the allotments annulled.

Then it was necessary to start all over again, and Father Oblasser joined a committee of eight, headed by Supt. Frank M. Thackeray of the Pima agency at Sacaton, which outlined the present reservation and pressed for its

creation. The reservation did come into being, as a result of a proclamation by President Wilson.

But the battle was not over. Many citizens of Arizona, especially the cattle and mining men, aroused by the size of the reservation, protested to Washington and asked that the reservation be abolished. Finally the state and the counties of Pima, Pinal and Maricopa petitioned for abolishment. Hearings were held before Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, at which a large group from Phoenix and Tucson argued against the reservation, and the Committee of Eight argued for it. Father Oblasser's part was to furnish the historical background for the Papago rights, and to check the accuracy of local data. Using the diaries and reports of the early Spanish padres, Father Eusebio Kino and Father Francisco Garcés, he proved that some of the Papago families had owned the same lands and lived upon them since long before the American Revolution.

"We satisfied the mining people by telling them we wouldn't worry about them on the reservation," Father Oblasser remembers. "They were helpful to the Papago and the Papago welcomed them. They gave the Indians work. But the cattlemen we could not have, because it was cattle country and the Indians needed it for their stock.

"I remember an interesting argument there. Mr. Campbell, lawyer for the group wanting to abolish the reservation, knew that Secretary Lane wanted to develop the country. 'We're building up a great country in Arizona,' he said. 'Down in Altar valley alone we have 6000 head of cattle. What do you have in the Papago country?'

"Mr. Klotz of the irrigation service, who was on our committee, answered that. 'In the Papago country we have to go to 600 or 700 feet to get water, while there you have to go only 200 feet. We have to climb mountains to get water for our cattle—but in the same area we have 25,000 head. You'd better give us your country—we can develop it better than you can.'

With that, Secretary Lane put administration approval on the Hayden-Ashurst bill, which would set up the reservation by an act of Congress rather than just presidential proclamation. The bill was passed.

"We got our reservation," says Father Oblasser. Hearing him recall this verbal battle of 1917, you know he is identifying himself with the tribe with which he worked so long. It is the "old Papago" speaking with pride: "We got our reservation."

As he became familiar with the remote byways of Papagoland, with his natural love of history Father Bona-





*Franciscan Father Bonaventure Oblasser looks up at the statue of his famous predecessor, Father Francisco Garcés, who was martyred near this spot on Fort Yuma Hill by the Yumans in 1781. St. Thomas Indian Mission in the background.*

venture became profoundly interested in the story of those who had worked in the desert before him. He studied the musty records of Spanish priest and explorer. He listened to the tales the Indians had handed down about them. He traced out their pathways, correlating them with modern landmarks. His work became valuable to many present historians. When Dr. Bolton traced Padre Kino's routes through Papagoland for the book *Rim of Christendom*, he was guided in many places by Father Bonaventure's identification of stopping places.

Father Bonaventure became especially interested in Fray Marcos de Niza. It was Fray Marcos who brought back from his expedition of 1539 the wonderful accounts of the Seven Cities of Cibola which set Coronado and his great army on the march into the Southwest the next year. For that report, Fray Marcos has been denounced

as the greatest liar and defended as the most maligned man in history.

For ten years Father Bonaventure followed out Fray Marcos' course. In that endeavor he had one tremendous advantage over every other historian and pseudo-historian who has attempted to do the same thing. He knew, from a quarter of a century of experience, exactly where the ancient Indian trails ran, and he knew that Fray Marcos, guided by the Indians, was bound to have followed one of those trails.

In 1939, for the 400th anniversary of that first expedition, Father Bonaventure published his own translation of Fray Marcos' report under the title *Arizona Discovered*. In the booklet were maps which traced the course he believed the early Franciscan had followed. In it he also expressed his belief that Marcos de Niza had gone just

about where he said he had gone and had reported faithfully—with proper distinction between them—the things he had seen and the things he had been told. He also affirmed his belief that the disputed Marcos de Niza inscription on the rock in Phoenix City Park was made at the time of De Niza's *entrada*.

In the foreword to the booklet, which has become a collector's item, the late Frank C. Lockwood, noted Arizona historian, wrote: "Father Bonaventure is almost as tireless in traversing the vast and excessively arid desert regions of the Papago country as Padre Kino was in covering the same territory 240 years ago. He goes everywhere where there are Papagos, on both sides of the border. He knows the terrain in detail—has visited every ranch, village and *temporal*. This is his recreation as well as his duty; and

it is because of the minute knowledge of the topography of Pimeria Alta he has gained in his journeyings, and also

because of his mastery of both the Papago and Spanish languages, that he is so eminently qualified to translate

and annotate Fray Marcos de Niza's famous narrative.

"For my own part, after reading everything I could find on the subject (though in translations only), I am convinced that the exact route of Esteban, Fray Marcos de Niza and Coronado can never be determined; but I know of no one better able to translate the story of Fray Marcos and to retrace his route than Father Bonaventure. A few months ago, with the text in his hand, he covered in person the route he marks out."

The de Niza booklet is only a minor item in Father Oblasser's literary endeavors. During his time with the Pima-Papagos he was working on a written language for them, learning its vocabulary and formulating a grammar. At the same time he collected all available myths. From that work, from his experiences and from his great collection of source material, the Library of Piman Research, he has been given by his order the task of writing a complete history of the Pima nation, its language and mythology. He is also working on a manuscript that will bring up to date the work of the Franciscans in the Southwest. His "Franciscans in the Spanish Southwest" was printed by the Franciscan Educational Conference in 1936. Other Indian language manuals are on schedule.

Unfortunately, Father Bonaventure is involved in so many activities, filled with so many plans, it is difficult for him to find time for his histories. When we visited him a short time ago at St. Thomas, he was busy brushing up on the Quechan language, for which he is to prepare a manual, reorganizing the missionary work, planning a school program and taking a census of the Yumans. When these matters are attended to, he plans to start work among the Cocopah Indians, and after that is caught up, there is the matter of rechecking the de Niza trail to satisfy himself on some controversial points.

As we were about to leave we asked him: Did he miss Papagoland? He smiled and answered: "As all our missionaries have done since the early days, when we enter a mission field we become one of our Indians in all their interests. So now this Papago has become a Yuman, and will judge all things and problems from their standpoint."

But even as he said it, Father Bonaventure's eyes strayed to the grim and jagged Gila Mountains, across in Arizona, and we felt that perhaps just a little Papago remained in the Yuman, and that the Padre of the Indian Trails could never completely abandon the lonely trails of Papagoland which he had traveled so long.

## Invitation to Desert Readers-

During February, while the annual Date Festival is in progress at Indio nine miles away, the Desert Magazine Pueblo in Palm Desert will for two days—February 23 and 24—provide the display rooms for a Gem and Mineral Fair to be held under the sponsorship of the Shadow Mountain Gem and Mineral Society.

For two days the art gallery, mailing room and garages of Desert Magazine's publishing plant will be turned over to that growing fraternity of enthusiasts who gather semi-precious stones and cut and polish them.

The exhibits will be open to all—with no admission charge. In addition to gem stones both rough and polished, there will be demonstrations of the tools used in the amateur art of lapidary.

Desert readers are invited to visit this mineral exhibit—in a setting which includes much of the finest art work produced by desert painters.

And, whether or not you are a rock collector, you are urged to bring a stone to be added to the Desert Trail Shrine in front of the magazine building. This is a good luck Shrine for the travelers who come to the desert.

The Mineral Fair is Saturday and Sunday, February 23-24—and the doors will be open from 8:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. You are invited.

## Prizes For Desert Photographs

You do not have to own an expensive camera to compete in Desert Magazine's Picture-of-the-Month contest. Many of the prize winning pictures in past years have been taken by inexpensive equipment. But you must give thought to good composition, lighting, focus and the making of clean contrasty prints—for these are the factors that make for good pictures. And keep in mind this important fact in taking black and white photographs—it is the **shadows** which make the picture.

Desert Magazine's Picture-of-the-Month contest is designed to secure for publication the best of the pictures taken in the desert country each month by both amateur and professional photographers. All Desert readers are invited to enter their best work in this contest.

**Entries for the March contest must be in the Desert Magazine office, Palm Desert, California, by March 20, and the winning prints will appear in the May issue. Pictures which arrive too late for one contest are held over for the next month. First prize is \$10; second prize \$5.00. For non-winning pictures accepted for publication \$3.00 each will be paid.**

### HERE ARE THE RULES

- 1—Prints for monthly contests must be black and white, 5x7 or larger, printed on glossy paper.
- 2—Each photograph submitted should be fully labeled as to subject, time and place. Also technical data: camera, shutter speed, hour of day, etc.
- 3—PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED WHEN RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED.
- 4—All entries must be in the Desert Magazine office by the 20th of the contest month.
- 5—Contests are open to both amateur and professional photographers. Desert Magazine requires first publication rights only of prize winning pictures.
- 6—Time and place of photograph are immaterial, except that it must be from the desert Southwest.
- 7—Judges will be selected from Desert's editorial staff, and awards will be made immediately after the close of the contest each month.

Address All Entries to Photo Editor

*The Desert Magazine*

PALM DESERT, CALIFORNIA





*"In the days that followed, the silence of the Mojave was moved by the rattle of boards and the ring of the hammer in green hands."*

# Shack on the Mojave

Prize-winning story in Desert Magazine's "Life on the Desert" contest

By BILL MOORE

**O**UT OF CHAOS — calm!

That to me is the difference between the city and this land of the creosote bush, warm sand, and friendly people — the Mojave desert. Our place is only a jackrabbit five acres, and it's only the beginning. But even in the beginning there is sometimes something you like to remember. For three years we searched. Summer and winter. Through heat, cold, violent winds, a seductive breeze—the desert. Always searching for our five acres.

Looking back, Victor Lewis, who has forgotten more about the desert than I will ever know, first told me about the Government Land Office in the Los Angeles postoffice building.

First trip there and I thought I had found the homesite we had been dreaming about.

"Just at the north edge of Yucca Valley. That's high desert country flanking the Joshua Tree National Monument. 3300 feet. Year 'round living. Let's get it, Sandy!"

Sandy is my wife. A better trouser never trod this planet. For since marriage to me her rewards, other than our four year-old, Barry, have not been of ermine and eclair. No two thousand square foot home of red cinder block. And worse. Her affection for the desert amounted to: "Well—I'll go." But she would rather listen to Wagner. However, it was the desert.

And neither of us will forget that first trip.

Early on an October morning we crested the rise out of the Lower Morongo Valley and looked down on a basin of Joshua trees. Spotted here and there among the Joshuas, cholla and juniper, the valley had given birth to a village. Ahead of us, we thought, was our five acres. It would be easy to find. Locate the government marker, measure your distance. That was all. That's what I thought then . . .

The Yucca Valley five acres turned out to be high atop a thousand foot pile of boulders. It would take a goat with jet propulsion to reach it, much less to build a cabin and prove up our

claim. Perhaps there was an air of triumph in Sandy's eyes after our initial venture. But she knew me well. This was only the beginning.

For the next two years our search for desert land followed the experience of many jackrabbit homesteaders: the land was too far out; difficult to reach; in the constant sweep of winds; leaning on the side of a dune. Our search reached its climax one day on the Victorville road.

It was April. The desert sun should have been warm and the breeze heavy with balm. But no. All morning it had been spitting snow. A sharp, slanting wind whipped from the snowcap of San Geronio and bowled down across the black knob of a lava formation. Barry, then three, responded to the weather sting with a steady wail. It was lunch time and we had all the fixings in our chuck wagon box mounted in the rear of the old station wagon. The theory was: we were to make a picnic of it that day.

Theory is wonderful—in books. But desert wisdom does not spring from musty pages. You learn it by living. There is no other way. And we learned that April in the desert is not always sunshine and flowers. That was our last trip to the desert for several months. But the land of catsclaw does not give up its prey without a struggle. One morning in the fall of 1950, Sandy looked from the kitchen window of her Northridge home. Smog lay over the land.

"You haven't been to the Land Office for some time, dear . . ."

That's what she thought. By evening I had filed on a spot near Twenty-nine Palms. It was Vic Lewis, of course, who found it. Section 24, Township 1 North, Range 9 East. That was it. Only four miles from the Plaza. Only a half mile off the Amboy road. It was one of the first sections opened in the Twentynine Palms area. Someone hadn't proved up. Their loss was my good fortune.

In April we started to build our first shack. Up to this time I thought I was pretty good in my desert knowledge. I knew its moods. I was a veteran desert rat, I had told myself many times. Of course the old timers laughed at this. And justly so. For a part-time visitor to gain such conceit—well, it was time to whittle the dude down to size. Building our first shack did just that. And the desert had its first real chance to claim us, or drive us back to the land of frenzy, the city.

We pulled a 20-foot trailer down our mid-section line, following the trail already beat by our neighbor to the west who had his slab poured. Carefully avoiding sand drifts we stopped

our rig and stepped down on our land.

Remember the old cartoon: Thrills that come once in a lifetime? Mine had arrived. I like to believe it touched Sandy. We just stood there, saying nothing. I guess it was Barry who broke the silence.

"Daddy, we gonna build a shack here?" And the way he said "here" made it very important, somehow, that we did build right where we were standing. It gave us the needed courage just at that moment. A change in a way of living is always a big step. Especially so with a family. It was good to know at least one was ready to follow through.

That night, away from city lights on our own piece of sand, brought to us a new awakening, a new understanding of the desert. Although the silence was there, the coyote paid his respects to our garbage pit, the lizard left its trail all about our trailer, there was something else: the desert isn't empty anymore — empty of people, that is.

After darkness laid its fold on that of silence, there appeared other lights than our own. One, two, three—six in all! Homes. On all sides of us. In all directions the wavering flicker of the oil light, the steady glow of the Coleman, for REA hasn't reached us yet. In a way, perhaps, this last frontier is closing in on those of us seeking a pause from civilization's thumping tempo. We thought of that. That first night.

Days following, the silence of the Mojave was moved by the rattle of boards and the ring of a hammer in green hands; the grind of a saw that refused to follow a straight line. Yet, like the shrub before a spray from a hose, the shack grew. Digging and rolling in the sand, Barry seemed a part of the land. At times his shouts and laughter would smother the labor of my breathing. Even Sandy couldn't keep the glow of creation from her eyes as the walls took shape. Up would come a two-by-four, then the siding, and the roof. Knowing all too well the mistakes in its construction, nevertheless it was bolted firmly to its slab. The first sand storm that humped along would find its equal. The shack would be there after it passed.

When finished on that day in June when the mercury hurdled 110 degrees, we knew the time was at hand for us to head east for the Ozarks and wade into our summer film schedule. Leaving home before we had a chance to move in. This was our worst moment. And the one I shall never forget.

It was evening. In the west was still a trace of color. The Bullions were

purple and gold. Far to the east the Coxcombs were bedded behind the Sheephos. A light here and there flickered. Sandy and Barry were already in the car, waiting. But I wished to prolong this moment. Reaching into the rear of the station wagon I found a bucket. In the trailer I knew were soap and towel. Sandy watched me curiously. I think I mumbled something about there being some water left in our supply tank. Finding a tub from the rear of the trailer, I filled it, stripped down, and jumped in.

Baths have been taken under many conditions and in stalls of gold and pearl. But never again in this life-time do I expect to receive the keen exhilaration that possessed me during this baptism in desert water. Warmed by the day's heat, the water first soothed, then lifted me to its own plane of supplication. Water to the creosote bush tossed back its own aroma of damp sage. This mingling with the tang of a desert cooling, I filled the pail time after time, lifted it high, and dashed the contents over my head and let it fall to the hot sands at my feet. There was no stopping until the tank was empty. And I was cleansed, both in spirit and body.

As the lamps of the desert grew bolder, I walked back to the trailer. We were ready to head east now. But not for long. We would be back come the crack of ice on the Ozark hills. And although we have nothing more than a shack on our desert five, it will grow, and grow. Just like the Mojave grows on you.

## BAJA CALIFORNIA NAMED MEXICO'S 29th STATE

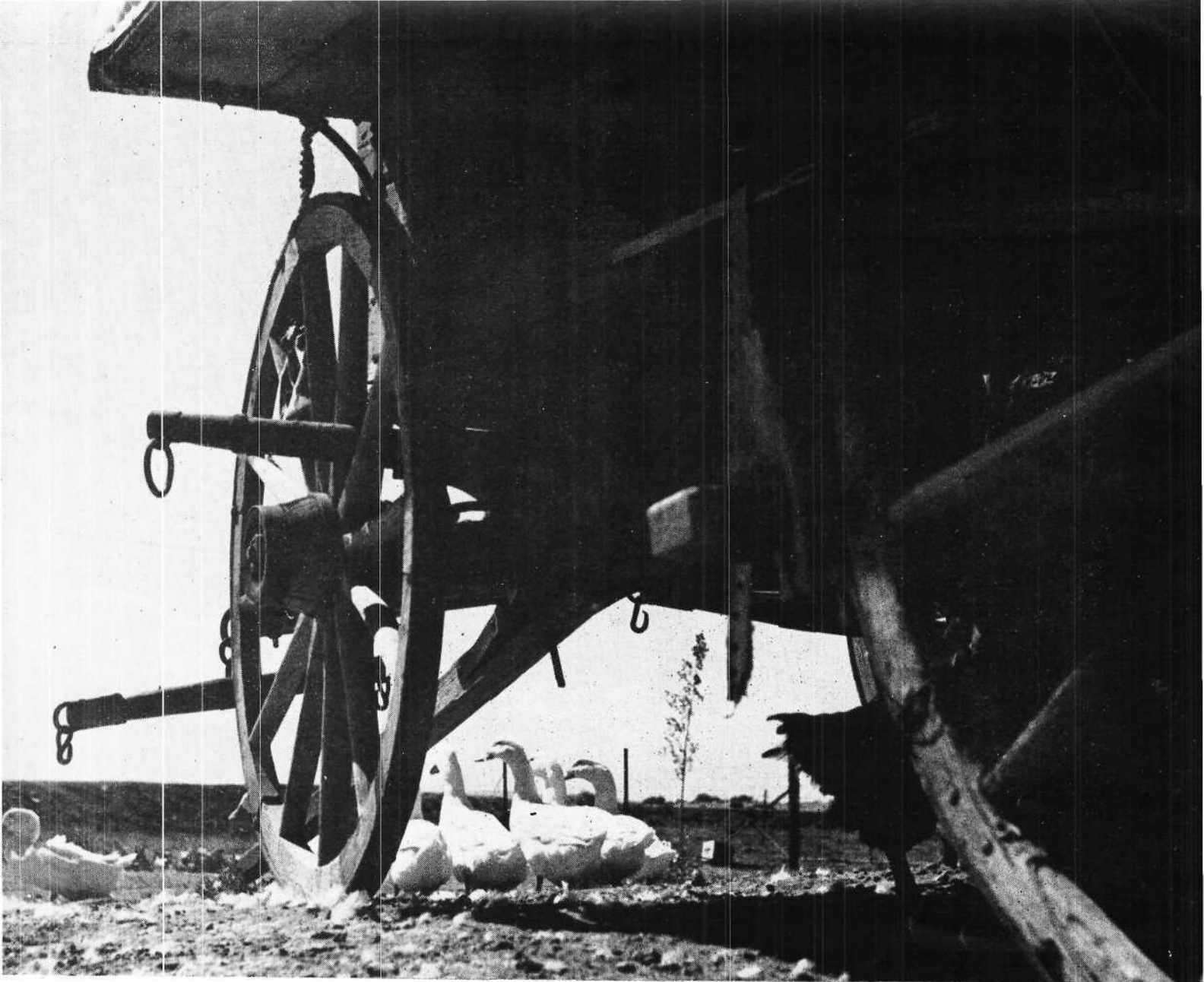
Birth of a new state was announced officially December 20 when the Mexican Senate proclaimed Baja California the 29th state of the nation. Formal ceremonies will be held early this year.

The new state will retain its territorial name. A new city is being planned approximately 10 miles south of Tecate, which is in the mountains between Mexicali and Timuan. This will become the state capital.

The population of the northern district has increased 410 percent since 1920. There are now more than 226,000 inhabitants. The annual income of the territory has risen to nearly \$400,000,000, making it one of Mexico's richest agricultural areas. Rapid strides have been made in communication facilities, especially in the construction of modern highways.

The change in status does not affect the southern territory, which has only 32,000 people and is isolated in its lower half of the Baja California peninsula.





Photograph by G. M. Relyea, Salt Lake City

### GHOST PROSPECTOR

By RALPH A. FISHER, SR.  
Phoenix, Arizona

The prospector's ghost astride a ghost burro,  
With a "desert broom," tonight the desert  
will dus:—

Sweeping from dusk to dawn beneath tall  
saguaro.

Panning the fallen stardust, for his unend-  
ing lust.

### A WINDOW IN THE STORM

By ELSIE MCKINNON STRACHAN  
Santa Ana, California

I watched from the Kaibab Plateau  
And saw the grim storm over-flow—  
Dropping a ragged curtain of rain  
And cracking a whip of lightning-chain—  
In the worried morning sky.

And yet I knew the sun stood by,  
For through a window in the storm  
I saw distant cliffs, suntanned and warm.  
Reclining where the sky was blue,  
And clouds of white sailed on review.

### ACQUIESCENCE

By MARYLE BASE  
Pomona, California

Give me a faith like the desert,  
That lives on a timeless scope,  
Hangs each anxious dream on a distant star.  
Fills each day with patience and hope.

## The Wheel of the Wagon Train

By RUTH A. MOORE  
Healdsburg, California

Each time it turned it squeaked and groaned  
As if it suffered pain,  
It heaved a sigh for the spokes were dry  
In the wheel of the wagon train.

The loosened tire, was tied with wire,  
The driver prayed for rain;  
For water to soak, and stop the croak  
In the wheel of the wagon train.

For the lack of grease, the squeaks increase  
To join in the last refrain.  
With a broken heart, pieces came apart  
In the wheel of the wagon train.

With work and care began the repair  
Their efforts were not in vain.  
With wire and ropes they placed their hopes  
In the wheel of the wagon train.

Outside the court of a battered fort  
For years now it has lain.  
Old timers boast and drink a toast  
To the wheel of the wagon train.

### TONIGHT THE WINDS ARE QUIET

By GRACE BARKER WILSON  
Kirtland, New Mexico

Sometimes, tornado like, the wild wind blows  
Across the desert country, bringing clouds  
Of sand. As day advances its force grows  
Almost too strong to battle. Rolling crowds  
Of tumbleweeds play leap frog. In affright  
The wild things cower close against the hill.  
Sometimes the storm roars madly. But to-  
night,

The winds are quiet and the sands are still.

## Strive On!

By TANYA SOUTH

Your Fate will change! Weep not nor  
sorrow,

All things will change! And your  
Tomorrow,

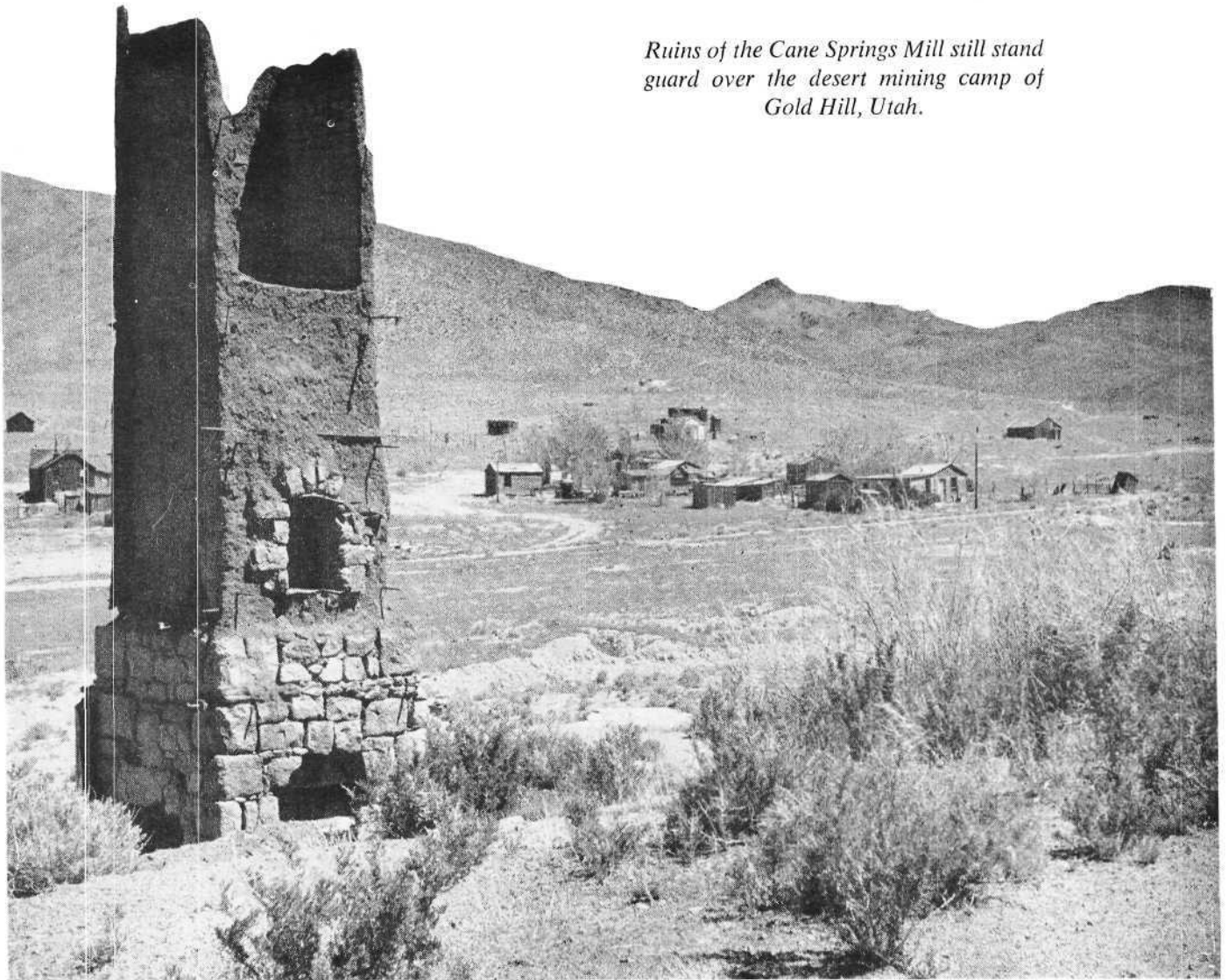
As bright with promise as you dream,  
Will yet before your vision gleam.

Weep not, dear heart. But pray! And  
gather

Your inner strength to meet the  
fray.

No one can have life as he'd rather.  
Save he strives endless on each day.

*Ruins of the Cane Springs Mill still stand guard over the desert mining camp of Gold Hill, Utah.*



## Treasure Hills of the Utah Desert

By NELL MURBARGER  
Photographs by the author  
Map by Norton Allen

**L**OOSE GRAY clouds had been hovering over the Toana Range throughout the morning; and now, with my car nearing White Horse Pass, a mixture of sleet and snow came driving out of a leaden sky to plaster against the windshield and whiten the junipers. The month was June, but I had learned long before that calendars mean little in that high arid land lying west of the Great Salt Desert.

According to a map, penciled for me on the back of a torn envelope, a dirt road should branch left from the vicinity of the pass; and 30 miles along that dirt road would be my destination

—the old mining camp of Gold Hill, Utah.

Peering into the swirling storm I saw what seemed to be a side road and turned the car onto its bumpy course. The road headed down grade. As elevation was lost, the snow and sleet of the mountain top changed to rain; and almost before I realized what had happened, the rain had given way to bright sunshine and blue skies . . . and immensity.

Across the entire eastern horizon spread the terrifying aridity of the Great Salt Desert—75 trackless miles of it stretching between me and the

Gold, silver, tungsten, arsenic, zinc—all these ores were found in high-grade abundance in the barren hills that overlook the Great Salt Desert of Utah. Eventually the rich pockets were worked out and now the Gold Hill mining camp is just a ghost—but it is still home to Leatha Millard, with whom you will become acquainted in this story.

nearest point of habitation to the east or northeast. The nearest town in that direction was Grantsville, 100 miles away. Though it was early morning the air was heavy and lifeless. Heat devils were shimmering on the skyline. It was impossible to understand how any amount of persuasion could have lured the ill-fated Donner party into daring that sullen waste.

Ten miles from White Horse Pass the little sideroad crossed from Nevada into Utah, and soon afterward entered a low spur of the Deep Creek Mountains. Here was an altogether different world of neither snow nor searing heat, but only the soft warmth of desert springtime. Nodding at the roadside



were the golden spikes of prince's plume, the blue of larkspurs, and the delicate whiteness of prickly phlox and primrose.

A few more curves, a few more humps and hollows and dry washes, and the old town of Gold Hill came into view—its small dark buildings appearing as specks of black pepper in the brown cup of the hills. As the road drew near, some of those specks aligned themselves in streets and became recognizable as stores and dwellings. Three specks at the north limits of town became a depot and two freight cars on a siding, and other specks on the surrounding mountains changed to the shaft houses and headframes of mines.

Not until the car was rolling down main street did I notice the unmistakable signs of ghostliness. The windows of the depot were tightly boarded; the rails that led to it, brown with rust. The two old box cars had been converted into living quarters, and even these were abandoned. Spanning the sides and front of a large brick building were the signs of a mercantile company; but here, too, the windows were tightly masked and the doors padlocked. Only the scattered clutter of disuse filled the square frame buildings that originally had housed a drug store and poolhall. In all the town not a man or mouse seemed to be stirring.

I was about convinced that even the ghosts had taken leave of the place, when from the back yard of a small tree-shaded cabin came a dull thump-thump-thumping.

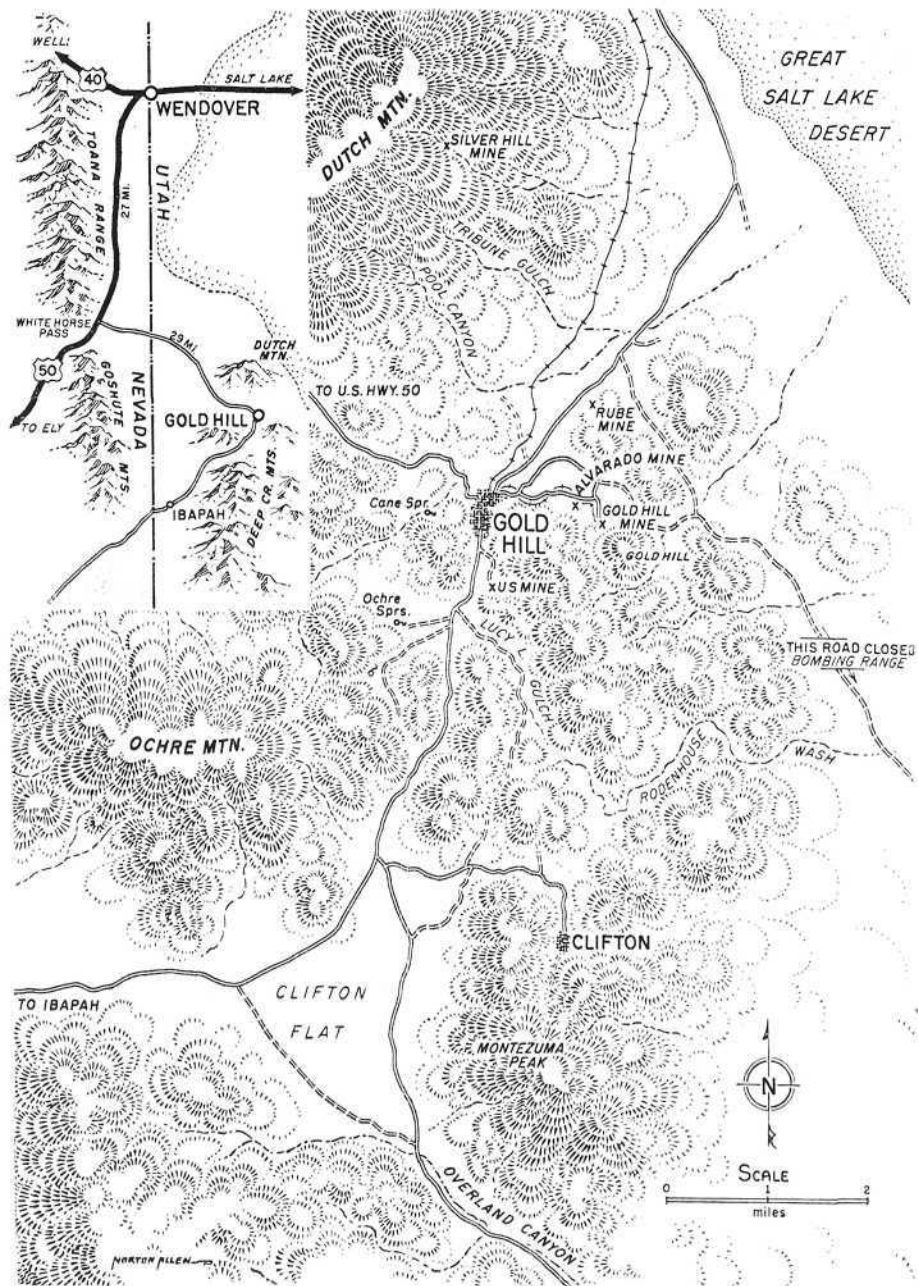
Circling to the rear of the building, I came upon a small woman, her attention riveted on the operation of an old-fashioned iron mortar and pestle with which she was pulverizing a sample of ore. On the splintered pine bench beside her lay a dozen more samples of greenish rock, a geologist's pick, and a battered goldpan.

Two minutes after our exchange of introductions, Leatha Millard's home had become my home, and Leatha had become my friend, hostess, guide, and chief source of information concerning Gold Hill's past and present. I soon learned that in all western Utah, I couldn't have made a better choice.

Since coming to Gold Hill, nearly half a century ago, Leatha has seen the old camp alternately roaring with activity, and almost abandoned.

"It isn't quite a ghost," she laughed. "There are five of us still living here."

Only five residents and not one operating business house in a town that once had supported a newspaper, hotels and apartment houses. At an earlier date the traffic of the Lincoln Highway had rolled through its now-deserted streets.



As foundation for the Gold Hill story, Leatha suggested we start with Clifton, four or five miles to the south-east. After a hurried lunch, we were on our way.

It was soon after the Overland stage line began operation in the late 1850's that attention of mining men first was attracted to the Deep Creek Mountains, explained my guide.

"That is Overland Canyon," she said, as we topped the four-mile grade south of Gold Hill and looked out upon a great blue cut that half bisected the range. "The old Overland stage road and the Pony Express route came up through there, crossed the ridge by way of the gap yonder, and continued on to Nevada. Soon after the stages started running Indians here learned that white men were interested in 'shining rocks' and began bringing rich samples of silver ore to the stage sta-

tions, hoping to trade for food. When mining men, traveling by stage to California, saw these samples, many of them terminated their journeys and began prospecting the Deep Creek region."

First discoveries, said Leatha, were to the south of Overland Canyon, but prospecting gradually extended to the north and eventually resulted in organization of a mining district and founding of the town of Clifton.

Leaving the main road at the top of the grade, we turned left on a narrow side trail deteriorating from disuse. Rocks and roots lay exposed in the eroded wheel ruts, low brush was growing between the tracks, and the out-thrust branches of piñon pines and junipers raked the car on either side.

Within a mile we were deep in the ruins of a town which had flourished and faded before either of us was



*Ollie Young, nephew of Brigham Young, for many years occupied this log cabin at Clifton, where he was the last surviving resident.*

born. Here were the hollow rock squares of old foundations, the tumbled heaps of stone that had once been shops and dwellings, and the lonely desolation of ancient fireplaces long ago robbed of the homes they had served. The canyon narrowed to a thin gash, choked with brush and boulders. The road faded away, and at its farthest end sat a lovable old log cabin.

"It was Ollie Young's cabin," said Leatha. "He and his brother, Brigham, claimed to be nephews of the original Brigham Young. They located here in the early days—long, long before I came. After Brig's death years ago, Ollie continued to live here all alone—the last resident of Clifton. He used to walk to Gold Hill for his supplies. I was running one of the stores there, and would always bring him home if I could get away. He was a darling old man, and as neat as a woman . . ."

Walking on up the canyon we prowled about the site of the old Clifton smelter and from the accumulated debris excavated some crucibles and a couple of "spice pots" used for molding the skimmings.

During the earlier years, said Leatha, Clifton's ore was mule-freighted across the Salt Desert for reduction at Stockton, where Utah's first smelter had been erected in 1864 by Col. Patrick Connor. Later, in 1872, the Clifton smelter had been built.

"It wasn't exactly a big-scale operation," she laughed. "According to accounts I have read, it was a stack

furnace operated with three blacksmith bellows. After running for two years and reducing 1500 tons of highgrade silver-lead ore, the equipment was moved to a new site at Gold Hill.

"Farther up this canyon," she continued, "was a fine well that supplied water to the entire town of Clifton. Maybe we still can find it."

Floundering through high brush and scraggly junipers, and over boulders treacherously hidden by matted weeds and grass, we fought our way up the floor of the ravine. The going at last became so rough we abandoned the search and were heading back toward the car when a break in the undergrowth revealed an old iron pump, heavy with accumulated rust.

Simply because it seemed the natural thing to do, I gave the old handle a few vigorous strokes. It sounded like all the ungreased pump handles of Creation, rolled into one. But to our amazement, there came from the rusty spout a bright stream of cold clear water! The old well was still functioning, even though its town was gone.

Below Ollie Young's cabin sat an ancient frame house, its roof sway-backed, its walls sagging.

"This is the old Carmen place," said Leatha. "First time I saw it was in 1907 when an election for mining recorder was being held here. Mrs. Carmen had it fixed so nicely, with lace curtains and fancy sofa pillows and potted plants. Everyone said it was the finest home in the district . . ."

Now windowless and doorless and

open to the weather and wandering animals, the old home was the essence of desolation. It was difficult to say which was doing most to hold it together—the square-cut iron nails with which it was built, or its multiple layers of elaborately-figured wallpaper. Cupboards and closets were lined with yellowed sheets of the *Intermountain Republican* and *Salt Lake Herald* of 1908.

Our last stop in Clifton was at the little cemetery in Johnson Canyon, overlooking the Salt Desert. Although we searched diligently, we found but two markers with identifying legends. One headed the paling-fenced grave of William R. Sheldon who died in 1889; the other, of Ed Emory, 1909. Through the strange workings of coincidence, both men had died on Christmas Day.

En route back to Gold Hill, Leatha kept peering ahead through the junipers and finally called a halt. Leaving the car beside the road, we climbed to an open excavation about 15 feet wide, 45 feet long, and 50 feet deep.

"See that gloryhole?" said my guide. "That was the Reaper tungsten mine, owned by the Wilson brothers. It was fabulously rich, some of the scheelite carrying as much as 78 percent tungsten. In 1917 they mined \$80,000 worth of ore from that hole, and because of prohibitive freight rates, every ounce of it was shipped to the mill by parcel post!"

During the next three days, Leatha and I visited all the historic mines of the district, interviewed early settlers for 25 miles around, browsed through files of yellowed newspaper clippings and correspondence, and perused musty mining reports without end. From it all, I gradually absorbed the story.

Although the Clifton smelter had been moved to Gold Hill in 1874, and mining claims on nearby Dutch Mountain had been recorded as early as 1882, Gold Hill's first development of importance had not occurred until 10 years after that date, when an amalgamating mill was constructed here by the Cane Springs Consolidated Mining company for the purpose of treating ores from the Cane Springs, Alvarado, and Gold Hill mines. One of the guiding lights in this development had been Col. James F. Woodman, owner of valuable mining property in the Tintic District at Eureka, and discoverer of the famous Emma mine at Alta, which subsequently sold for \$5,000,000.

During 19 months of operation the Alvarado and Cane Springs mines produced \$200,000 in ore. Due to the extreme richness of that ore, the company's losses to highgraders were stupendous, while the operation also was



handicapped by transportation difficulties.

At the time Leatha and her parents moved to Gold Hill, residents of the camp were confident the projected Western Pacific railroad would be routed through their town, thereby ending its extreme isolation. But the Western Pacific, as it built across the Salt Desert, chose to bypass Gold Hill by 50 miles.

Even with the remainder of the West largely motorized, Gold Hill still depended on mule teams and horse-drawn stages. Mail was still routed via the old Pony Express trail of the '60s, crossing the Salt Desert by way of Fish Springs and Callao. At the head of the grade, four miles south of town, Gold Hill's mail was deposited for pick-up, and the stage rumbled on west to Ibapah and Schellbourne.

To Leatha's father, enterprising William R. Lamb, such a mid-Victorian mail system was intolerable. To prove the practicability of a change he established a tentative route connecting with the Western Pacific at Wendover, 57 miles to the north, and for three months carried all the town's mail without reimbursement. With the efficiency of his proposal proven to satisfaction of the postoffice department, Lamb was awarded the contract.

"Dad carried passengers and freight as well as mail," recalled Leatha. "In the beginning he used horse-drawn stages, with relay teams at Last Chance, Gold Hill, and Ibapah. As soon as the roads permitted, he changed to automobiles. His two big Packards were the first commercial cars in town."

The year 1917 saw the Deep Creek Extension railroad built south from Wendover to Gold Hill, the original plan being to continue the line on through Nevada and possibly to Southern California. With arrival of the railroad and outbreak of World War I occurring almost simultaneously, Gold Hill boomed as never before. Work on old mining properties was resumed, new ventures were launched.

Shipping was so heavy that sampling and smelter plants at Salt Lake were swamped and it was found necessary to place an embargo on ore from the district. Despite this limitation, the little branch railroad, during its first year of operation, carried out of Gold Hill more than a million dollars worth of ore.

Mines of the district followed no consistent pattern. One rich vein in Col. Woodman's Alvarado carried \$1100 in gold to the ton. Ore from the Copper Queen was rich in silver—as much as 1800 ounces to the ton. The Frankie mine produced copper

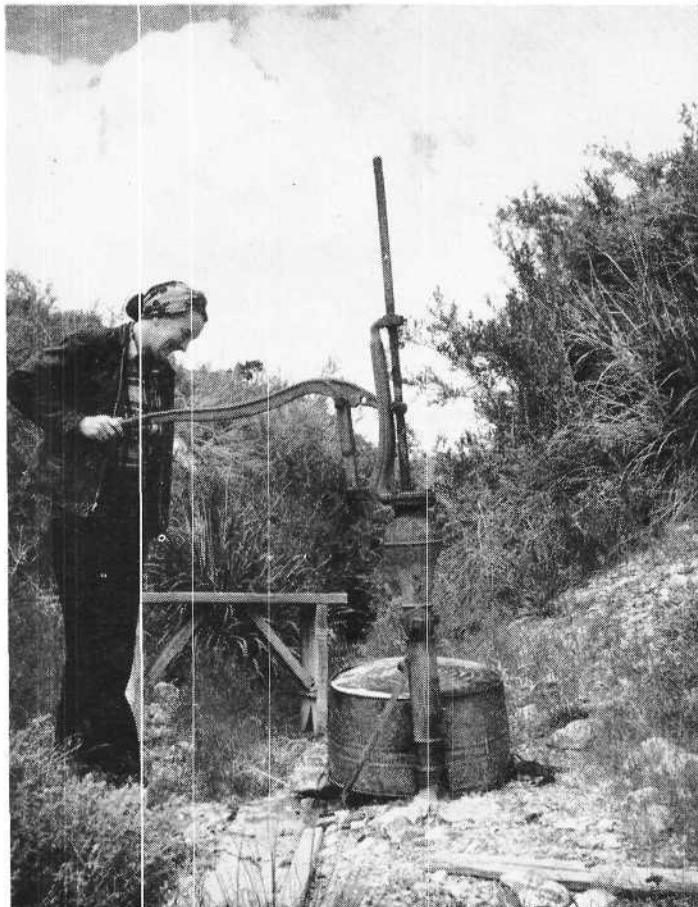
running over \$400 to the ton, and from the Lucy L. came ore yielding thousands of dollars per ton in bismuth. Other mines were rich in lead and zinc. Coincident with the outbreak of war came development of several important tungsten properties, including the Reaper's famous gloryhole; and in years immediately following, mining of arsenic became the biggest business of all.

The original Gold Hill mine, for which the town was named, in 1923 was estimated to hold a reserve of 250,000 tons of ore averaging 20 percent arsenic, and minor content of gold. Through 1924, arsenic shipments continued heavy . . . but with close of that year, Gold Hill slipped into another of its periodic declines.

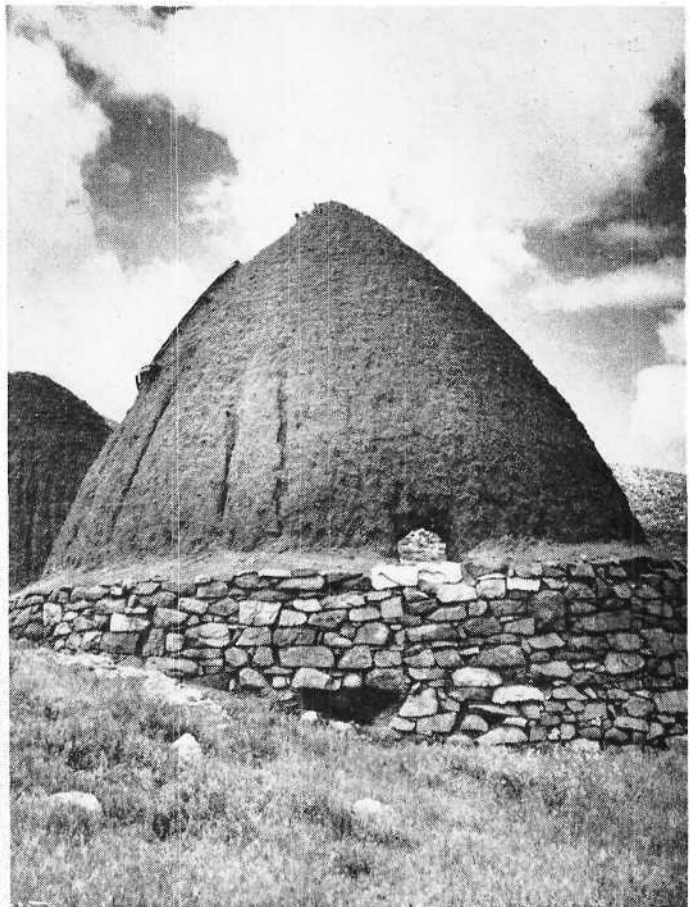
Plans for extending the Deep Creek railroad to Nevada had been abandoned long before, and in 1938 the last train clattered over the little branch line. During 1940 all miners remaining in the district recovered but one ounce of gold and other minerals to a value of \$597. In 1942, according to the U. S. Bureau of Mines at Salt Lake City, the entire district produced but eight tons of ore, grossing \$343.

No one seemed to doubt that the rich old dowager, Gold Hill, was gasping her last.

*The author at the old well which formerly supplied water for the Clifton camp.*



*Two old rock-and-adobe ovens supplied charcoal for the operation of Woodman mill.*





*Leatha Millard came to Gold Hill in 1907 when she was a girl of 16—and has remained through the days of boom and bust. She lives alone, one of the five survivors in the old camp. She still uses her mortar and pestle and gold pan to test the ore from the hills—for she believes that good days may yet return to Gold Hill.*



And then came World War II and Gold Hill's tungsten and arsenic once again became more valuable than rubies and silver. Arsenic, in particular, was of strategic importance in prosecution of the war effort, not only due to its wide use in drugs but also for insecticides needed in protection of vital food crops.

Uncle Sam stepped in. Things began to hum. Mines closed for 20 years were returned to production. Electric lights appeared on the streets of Gold Hill. Old buildings were reconditioned and equipped as barracks. Four apartment houses and a trailer court were jammed with miners and their families.

And then, as suddenly as it had begun, it was all over.

On January 15, 1945, the Gold Hill mine was ordered to cease production. During its 16 months' operation in World War II it had yielded 100,000 tons of ore running from 18 to 30 percent arsenic. And for the moment

that was all the arsenic Uncle Sam wanted.

The licking flames of a forest fire could scarcely have emptied the town more rapidly. Released miners fled to new jobs as fast as wheels could carry them. Briefly opened business houses again were locked. The four new government apartment houses were yanked from their foundations and moved to other sites where men still had need of places to live. With close of the 1946 term the district lost its school, but the town's few remaining residents still clung grimly to their postoffice. In 1949, this last remaining symbol of urbanity was sacrificed, and the old mining camp in the Deep Creek Range gave up its long struggle to repel the hovering ghosts.

Across the wash to the west of Leatha's cabin stand the ruins of Col. Woodman's old mill. The machinery—originally imported from France at great expense—was long ago removed to another site, but the rock founda-

tion and back wall, the tall adobe chimney, and two adobe-and-rock charcoal kilns remain behind as evidence of past activity.

Over the hill, a half mile to the southwest, gapes the open slope of the original Cane Springs mine, and across town, to the northeast is another open slope—250 feet in depth—that marks the once-famous Alvarado. Farther to the south may be glimpsed the great open cut of the Gold Hill. Down the wash to the north—between Dutch Mountain and the Salt Desert—stands the headframe and shaft of Loeffler Palmer's Rube—possibly the most notable one-man mine in the history of Utah.

After a near lifetime of fruitless prospecting, Palmer located the Rube about 1920. Working alone, it would take him months to load a single car of highgrade ore. But once it had been loaded and shipped, each car would bring him around \$6000. And then Palmer would start all over again, loading another car. When he sold the mine and retired to California in 1932, his one-man operation over a 12-year period had yielded him \$112,000 in gold.

The Cane Springs, the Alvarado, the Gold Hill, the Rube—these are but four of the mines that riddle the canyon-sides about Gold Hill and Clifton. Gloryholes and open slopes, timbered shafts and tunnels—more mines than any man could count in one day, and prospect holes virtually without number.

As I bade goodbye to Leatha Millard and started up the long winding road toward Nevada, my thoughts were filled with memories of a lonely old town. Most particularly I was thinking what its hidden wealth had meant to three generations of men—the thrill of seeking, the joy of discovery and pride of production—and sometimes, too, the heartbreak of hopes unfulfilled.

Compared to the Big Bonanzas of the West—the Virginia Cities and Buttes and Grass Valleys—I knew that Gold Hill's total yield of possibly \$5,000,000 in ore was not a remarkable figure. But, all the same, it had been clean, honorable wealth. Its production had given employment to thousands of men in mines, mills, smelters and manufactories; and even as Gold Hill had poured her gold and silver into the nation's treasury, so her tungsten and copper, her arsenic and lead and zinc, had helped to strengthen and defend that nation through its two most devastating wars.

Pausing at the summit of the grade, I turned back for a last salute to a gallant old soldier, now fading away in the Utah hills.

## TRUE OR FALSE

The desert of the Southwest is a great outdoor playground for all Americans who like travel and recreation. Actually, much of the desert country is still in Uncle Sam's public domain. It belongs to you and me. And if you would like to learn more about this desert land—its history, geography, wildlife and natural landscape, these True and False questions will serve as a school of instruction. You may not know all the answers—but you can learn. A score of 12 to 14 is fair, 15 to 17 is good, 18 or over is superior. The answers are on page 29.

- 1—The desert Kangaroo rat carries its young in a pocket in its skin. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 2—Ironwood trees have thorns. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 3—The grain used by the Hopi Indians in making piki is corn. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 4—Buffalo meat was once a main item of food for the Yuma and Mojave Indians. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 5—Great Salt Lake is the largest inland body of water west of the Rocky Mountains. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 6—Coolidge dam in Arizona is on the Salt River. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 7—Indian petroglyphs are found only on rocks facing east. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 8—Father Garces often accompanied Father Kino on his missionary trips into Pimeria. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 9—A rattlesnake has no bones in its body. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 10—Dog-tooth spar is a crystalized form of calcite. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 11—Before the Spaniard brought horses to the Western World the Apache Indians rode on burros. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 12—Blossom of the creosote bush is pink. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 13—Most of Nevada was once part of Utah territory. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 14—Coal is mined in New Mexico. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 15—Peccary is the name of a bird found in southern Arizona. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 16—Many Juniper trees grow around the shores of Salton Sea. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 17—The wood of the Joshua tree is much in demand for the making of hardwood furniture. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 18—Casa is a Spanish word much used in the Southwest, meaning house. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 19—Kaiparowits Plateau is in Utah. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .
- 20—Sangre de Cristo Mountains are visible from Santa Fe, New Mexico. True \_\_\_\_ . False \_\_\_\_ .



*Their skirts were so short they reached only a little below their knees instead of to their shoe tops.*

# Kayba Discovers a Strange New World

By SANDY HASSELL

Sketch by Charles Keetsie Shirley  
Navajo artist

**W**HEN KAYBA walked out of Laughing Man's trading post she was happy. Why shouldn't she be? She was wearing a silver bracelet with a turquoise that was as beautiful as any Navajo lady on the reservation owned.

But there were other feelings that were not so pleasant. Never before had she worn Mabah's clothes or had her

hair fixed in this style. She would have liked it much better if the dress covered more of her body. The collar didn't fit close around her neck and left a bare V-shaped opening at her throat. The skirt was so short it reached only a little below her knees—instead of to the top of her shoes. Besides it was so thin she was sure people could see right through it. The

heels on Mabah's shoes, which she also was wearing, were much higher than any she had ever worn. They made her stand a little straighter—if such a thing was possible.

This was Kayba's first trip to The Place by the Bridge, Gallup, and at first she had been afraid. There were so many houses, so many people, so many cars and so many roads. They had gone into Laughing Man's trading post and when he spoke to them in Navajo she was less afraid. He even paid them cash for their rugs so they could buy pretty things in the big stores across the bridge. Then Laughing Man had shown her a beautiful bracelet and she had bought it with a big bright penny which he said was worth \$20. Grandmother had given her the penny that morning wrapped in a piece of cloth.

Kayba now was thinking more about other people and things and less about herself; but she wished Mabah hadn't insisted on leaving their shawls with Laughing Man. She felt rather naked without one, and wouldn't people think they were poor if they didn't have shawls? Besides she liked to have one to cover the lower part of her face when she was in a crowd.

They crossed the bridge to the road on which were the big stores. The windows were full of beautiful things which attracted Mabah, but not Kayba—not while so many white women were around who looked, dressed and acted so strange.

Questions started coming from Kayba fast: "Why do women wear such short skirts?" she asked. "What is that funny thing on that lady's head?" Surely it couldn't be a hat, Kayba thought, it was too small and she was about to lose it. "Do their feet hurt sister? See how funny some of them walk? Is that the reason why some of them have no toes and heels in their shoes or are they too poor to buy shoes with more leather in them? Why do some of the women have red fingernails? Did dying wool make them that color?" Then Kayba's tone changed: "But sister they do have such beautiful paint on their faces."

Now Kayba felt ashamed when she thought how wicked the women in this town must be. Hadn't she seen several holding to men's arms? She was sure only bad women did this and these women must be very, very bad to walk along in daylight holding to their men where everyone could see them.

A whistle sounded and Mabah knew a train was coming. They must walk to the big building where the train stopped; there they could see it better. Mabah felt sure the train would be one sight that would startle Kayba, and



told her not to be afraid when it came.

But horrors, who were these two women who had stopped by her side while she was looking at the train? She knew they were women for she could tell that by their breasts. They had on no more clothes than the scanty little things which Mabah had given her to wear under her own dress. Now they were speaking to her and Mabah. Why didn't Mabah say something? Kayba felt as if she could neither move nor speak. She was sure if one of these women touched her, her heart would stop beating. Oh, why wasn't grandmother here so she could hide behind her wide skirts like she used to do when she was afraid.

The two women turned their backs. So did Kayba and Mabah. How could anyone look at anything so indecent.

But who were this man and woman they were now facing? They were so close she could reach out her hand and touch them. They were tall and straight and their clothes were gray. One look at the woman and that awful feeling which those two naked women had given her began to leave. How good it made her feel to notice the gray lady was dressed very much like she was. Only the colors of their clothes were different. Their hair was fixed the same way and their dresses were the same pattern and came below the knees the same distance. The heels of their shoes were the same height and had the same shape.

The gray lady spoke to them in a low soft voice. Mabah answered in English. Mabah didn't mind talking if she liked a person. Kayba didn't understand but her sister told her some of the things they were saying. These people lived far away and were traveling in an automobile. They had stopped to put some letters in the mail box.

Mabah told the gray lady that Kayba was her little sister on her first visit to The Place by the Bridge. The gray lady placed her hands on Kayba's shoulders and looked into her eyes. Kayba thought perhaps this woman had lost a child and wanted to cry on her shoulder. She wished she would even if they were in a crowd. Kayba had four mothers: Her own mother, her mother's two sisters and her grandmother but she would like to have this gray lady for a mother also for she loved her. Then Mabah must have told her about the bracelet she had bought with grandmother's big penny for they both were laughing and the gray lady was holding her hand and looking at the bracelet.

The gray lady's man went to a car close by, got in and sat there a few minutes; then he honked the horn. This must have been a signal for the gray

lady to come for she stopped talking and began to hurry. She opened her purse, took a small white card and wrote something on it. She gave this to Mabah. Next she opened a small book and handed this to her. Mabah started writing in the book and the gray lady turned her back. When she faced them again Mabah had finished writing. The gray lady took the book, put it in her purse and then went to Kayba. She took Kayba's right hand, placed something in her palm and folded her fingers over it; kissing her on the cheek at the same time. It was a silly thing for one woman to kiss

another Kayba thought—but she liked it.

The gray lady walked fast to the car, got in and waved her hand. The car moved away and the two sisters stood watching it; then they looked at each other. Kayba remembered the gray lady had put something in her hand and looked to see what it was. Just a small piece of white cloth made into a roll that was no larger than her thumb. She started unrolling it while Mabah watched.

Inside the little piece of cloth was a \$20 bill.

## THE *Desert* MAGAZINE CLOSE-UPS

When just a youngster, Vivienne L. George of Chatsworth, California, moved with her parents to Arizona's Verde Valley. The family intended to stay only long enough for her father to recover his health; but before a year was over, all of them came down with a chronic case of "sand-in-the-veins" from which none ever recovered.

The story of the Christmas season which changed their lives was told by Mrs. George in "Desert Christmas," and won for her first prize in *Desert Magazine's* Life on the Desert Contest. "Desert Christmas" appeared in the January *Desert*.

The author was graduated from Oregon State College with a degree in photography and journalism. This four-year exile from the desert was one of a number—but Mrs. George somehow always managed to find her way back to her beloved Arizona mesaland.

At present she and her husband, Ward S. George, live on a small ranch in California's San Fernando Valley. But they will be back on the Southwest deserts in February to gather material for a series of articles, with time out from shutter snapping for some good rock hunts.

"A House Divided" the H. William Moore family call themselves — but only because their affection is deep for both the Ozark country in the east and the Southwest desert land, and their home headquarters divided between these two places.

Bill Moore is an independent producer of 16 mm. travelogue pictures and follows a film schedule which takes him to the Ozarks in summer and back to the west coast each winter. Before he founded his "Boreal Productions," he worked in the east, first directing community shows for station WLS in

Chicago, then as director-cameraman for a film company in Ohio. He has completed seven pictures since entering business for himself after the war.

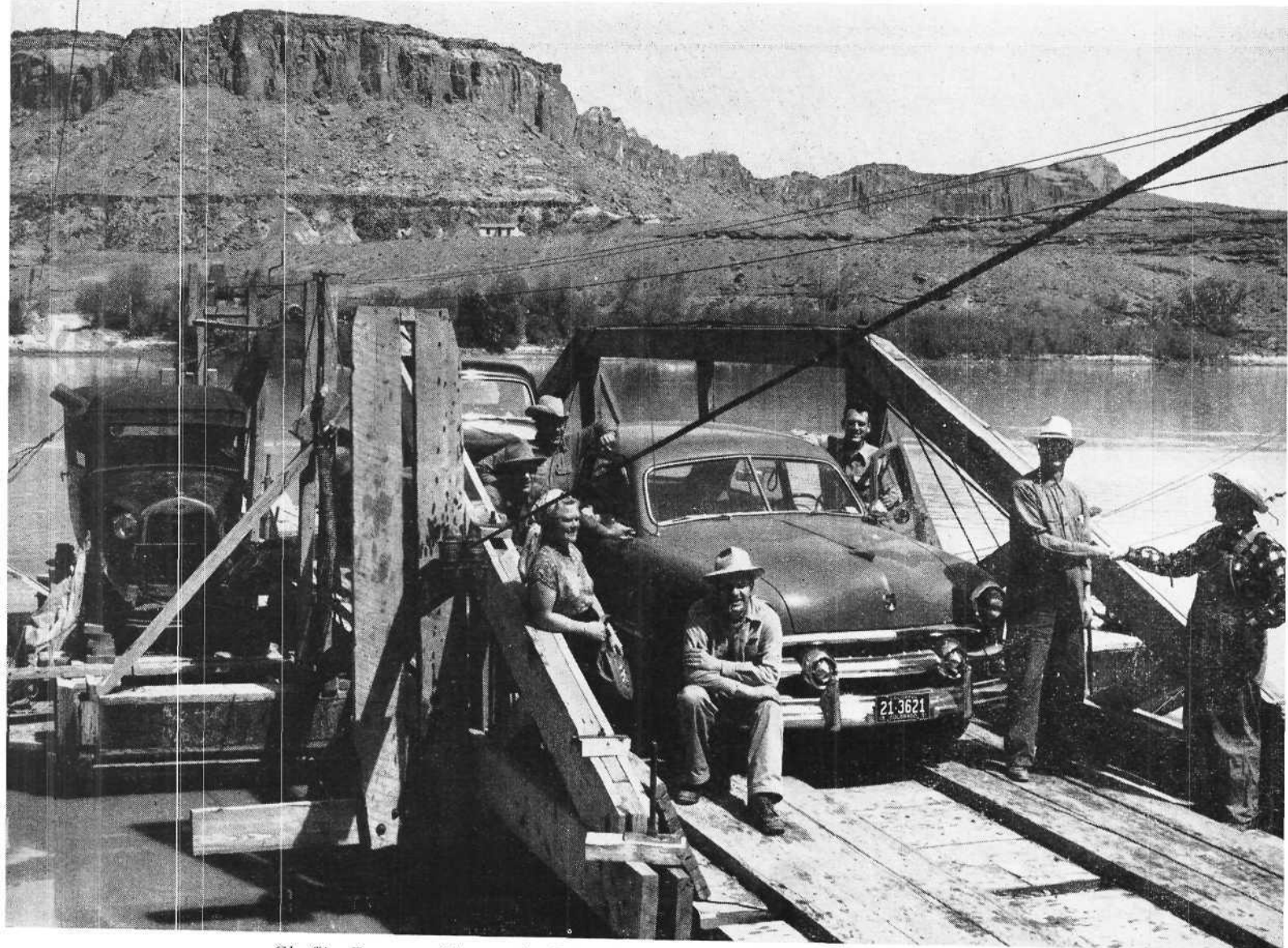
You will meet Bill Moore, his wife Sandy and their young son—four-year-old Barry—in "Shack on the Mojave," which appears in this issue. Plans for the "shack"—a homestead cabin near Twentynine Palms, California—grow each day. Though "hardly more than a chicken coop now," the Moores' long-range building program eventually will produce a home similar to a pioneer stage station in architectural design.

Margaret Gerke planned a career in art—and then became a journalist. Three months ago she applied for a place on the editorial staff of *Desert Magazine*, and her work has been of such high quality that on January 1 she was moved up to a position as associate editor.

Margaret is a native daughter of California—of Los Angeles, to be exact. She went through the elementary schools there, then moved with her parents, two sisters and a brother to Sierra Madre and attended Pasadena Junior College. In 1950 she was graduated from the University of California at Berkeley after majoring in English and art.

During her school years she was a staff member on both yearbook and campus weeklies, and acquired a working knowledge of reporting and editing. After graduation she learned that there were more open doors in the field of journalism than in the world of art—and took a position as society reporter on the Star-News at Pasadena. But to a girl whose interests primarily were in art and in camping and hiking the city news room brought little satisfaction.

On the desert Margaret is finding the opportunity in her leisure hours to follow her hobbies—sketching, painting and textile design—in an atmosphere that lends encouragement to these activities.



*Chaffin Ferry at Hite-on-the-Colorado. Only vehicular crossing on the big river for 300 miles in southeastern Utah and northern Arizona, the ferry was built and is operated by Art Chaffin (checked shirt), who is pictured with passengers making the ten-minute crossing. The Model A Ford sedan at the left supplies power for the home-made ferry.*

## They Run the Ferry at Hite

From Moab, Utah, to Lee's Ferry in northern Arizona, the Colorado river meanders through precipitous canyons for 300 miles—and until Art and Della Chaffin installed a power ferry at Cass Hite's old homestead, there was no point in this long river-span at which an automobile could cross the stream. Here is the story of two Utah pioneers whose persistence and ingenuity have made accessible to you and me a vast area of desert wilderness which formerly was virtually unknown except to a few cowboys and trappers.

By JOYCE ROCKWOOD MUENCH  
Photographs by Josef Muench  
Map by Norton Allen

**A**S JOE and I headed down North Wash, in Southeastern Utah, it seemed that all my life I had been hearing about the ferry across the Colorado River at Hite. I felt I knew Art and Della Chaffin — the ferry's builders, owners and operators—very well, although we were about to meet them for the first time.

The Chaffins have lived at Hite only since 1934, and the ferry wasn't put into operation until 1946; so my con-

viction of long familiarity could only have sprung from hearing repeated references to the ferry and to the kindly personalities of the two pioneers who created it. By their unique accomplishment, Art and Della Chaffin have written a page for themselves in the history of the Colorado River and of the American Southwest.

Even the road we traveled in North Wash, I realized, was largely the result of Art's persistent efforts. With

visions of a highway to open to the outside world the remarkable scenery of this corner of Utah, he long had sought the construction of a route leading from Hanksville, across the eastern flanks of the Henry Mountains, spanning the river and climbing through rugged White Canyon to meet the existing road at Natural Bridges National Monument.

Charles Kelly wrote an article for *Desert Magazine* (February, 1947) de-



scribing the opening of this "New Road Into Utah Wilderness." Almost 500 people came to witness the "wedding ceremony" of Garfield, Wayne and San Juan counties and the christening of the new ferry boat.

Now, as we traveled over it four years later, the surface was still unpaved; but it was a gay little road, crossing wet and dry stream beds about 60 times and dropping resolutely between colorful walls on its way to Glen Canyon.

We had come from Torrey, on State Highway 24, through Capitol Reef National Monument to Hanksville. From the time we emerged from the sheer walls of Capitol Wash, the Henry Mountains had been on the skyline. Even as we twisted and turned in North Wash, there were still occasional glimpses of the snow-covered peaks, until mounting red walls shut us in. Great temples along the river opened a gateway to the shores of the Colorado River.

The road continues six miles along the river to reach the ferry landing. Before Cass Hite's name was associated with it, this was known as Dandy Crossing, taking the encouraging title from the remark of a pioneer swimming through the river on his horse and calling back to his companions, "Come on across. It's a dandy crossing."

Today it is Hite, home of the Chaffins and site of the only vehicular crossing on 300 miles of winding river.

Art and Della Chaffin welcomed us warmly. Homespun figures in workaday clothes, they each have a smile and firm handclasp for all who come to their door.

Art Chaffin has spent most of his life along the Colorado River. As a boy he helped his father develop placer mines in the vicinity. Later he operated a trading post at Camp Stone, downstream, and finally settled at Hite with his wife in 1934.

People asked him then, as now, why he wanted to live so far away from civilization. That night, as we sat in the little house near the ferry landing, Art told us something of his decision and his early struggles. He is a modest man, with twinkling blue eyes and thinning hair, but I could hear the answer in the way his voice caressed the names of the Colorado River, of Trachyte Canyon, his Indian friends and in the way he spoke of hardships overcome.

He began by turning water from Trachyte Creek into ditches for the farm which now spreads out in an orchard and wide fields. When he needed more than the creek provided, there was the big river with its rich silt, waiting to be pumped wherever



*Pioneers of Southeastern Utah, Della and Art Chaffin own and operate the Chaffin Ferry at Hite. Art designed and built the unique conveyance and urged and directed construction of the road from Hanksville which passes through Hite and across the river to Natural Bridges National Monument.*

his plough had cleared away desert vegetation.

Material, supplies, and what food he couldn't raise had to be brought in over rough wagon tracks down North Wash, 45 miles from the nearest settlement, Hanksville. Everytime he left his canyon retreat, Art pushed the fight for a road through this country he loved and believed other people ought to be able to visit.

When funds were finally made available, they were offered on condition that Chaffin not only take charge of building 27½ miles through North Wash and 44 miles up through wild White Canyon, but personally guarantee a ferry on the river!

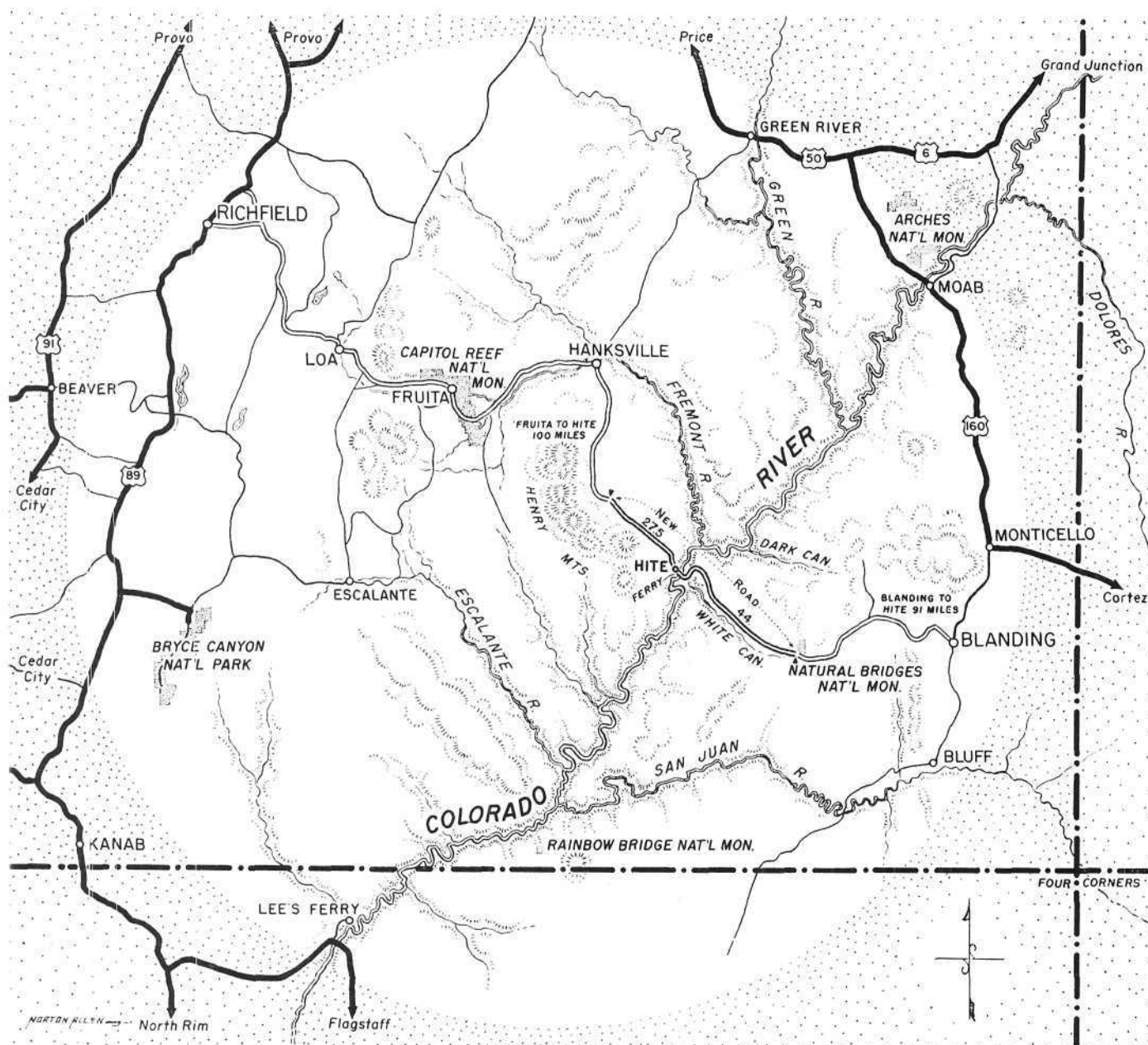
Only his wagon tracks marked the route through the Wash, and there was just a trail on the longer stretch in White

Canyon. Paved roads were at least a hundred miles away. The rapids of Cataract Canyon make the Colorado unnavigable upstream, and no boat but a small outboard had ever come upstream against the smooth but powerful current in Glen Canyon below Hite. There would be no machine shops to repair road equipment, none in which to construct the mechanism for a ferry.

Art hurried back to Hite, got into his striped overalls and set to work. There were many things to be done. It meant selling the farm house, the thrifty little orchard, the cultivated fields, to get money to build a ferry boat.

One task followed another, without heroics.

"We built this house close to the crossing, ploughed up ground for new



fields, installed a pump to irrigate them from the river, and worked on the roads."

They constructed tourist cabins, too, and rigged up a light plant. Cables and lumber were hauled in his own truck over the new road. An old Ford was brought in to serve as motive power on the ferry. By September of 1946 everything was ready, although a storm almost washed out the new route just before the scheduled celebration.

The dedication September 17 was a proud event for the Chaffins and all the others who had helped. When the hurrahs were over there was the ferry to operate and a new farm to tend.

Then, while Art and Della were absent for a few days in 1947, the ferryboat sank. A cable, loosened by the caretaker, offered the capricious river the chance to sweep boat and cables away by rising suddenly one night.

"What did you do then?" I asked,

wondering how much even Art could take.

"Sold more land and built another ferryboat. I want you to see it in the morning."

The next morning we inspected the famous little ferry with the automobile that Art asserts, "has probably pulled more cars and bigger loads than any other one its size in the country."

It is a strange looking craft, as unconventional as the river it plies. A 60-foot main deck, set between wooden bridge girders, is flanked by two smaller decks. On one are gears and wheels used in anchoring when big loads come aboard, and on the other sits a little black Ford sedan with a life boat slung over its shoulder.

Cables extend across the river, anchored on either shore. An overhead one, with smaller wires swooping to the deck, keeps the ferry from being

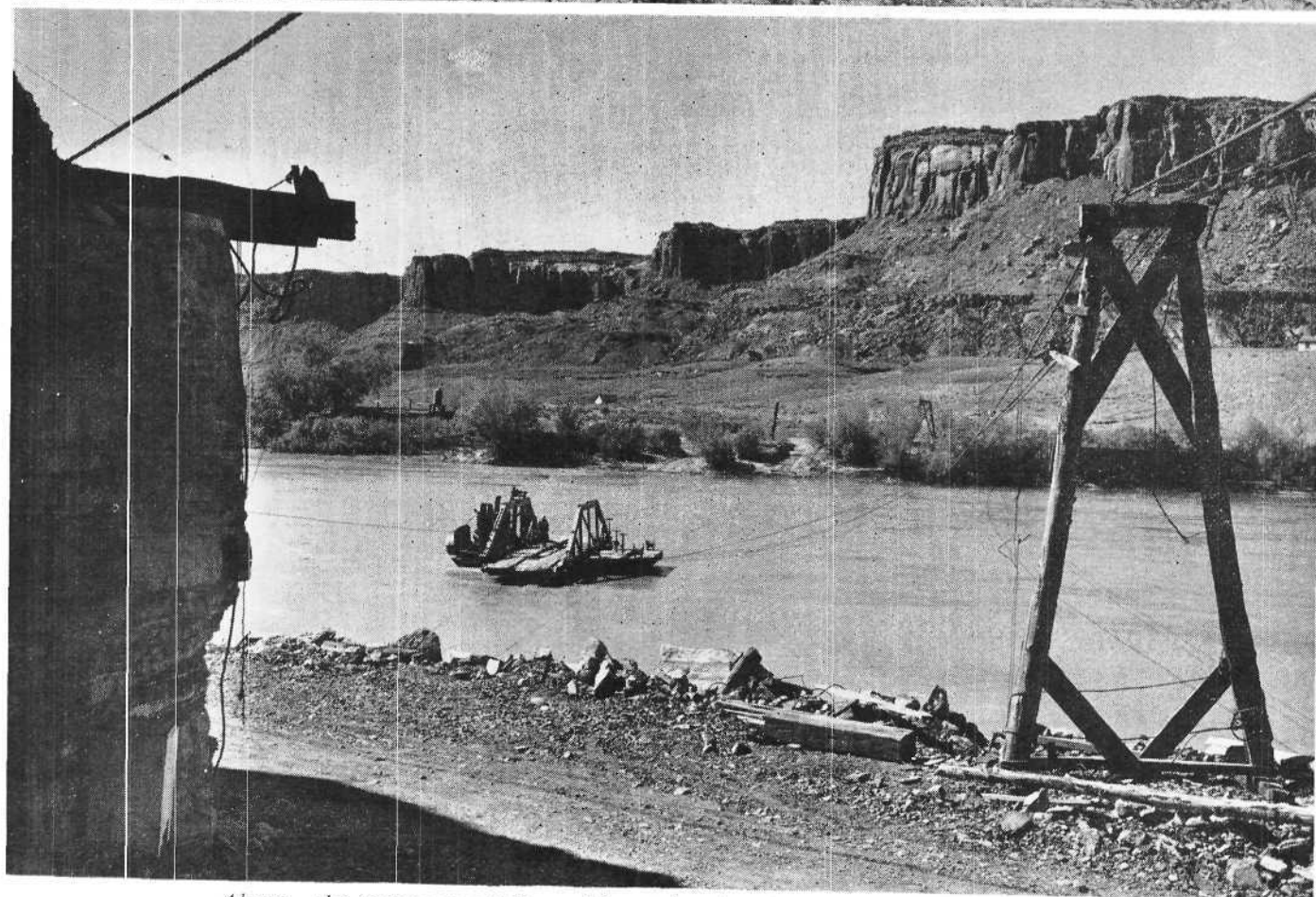
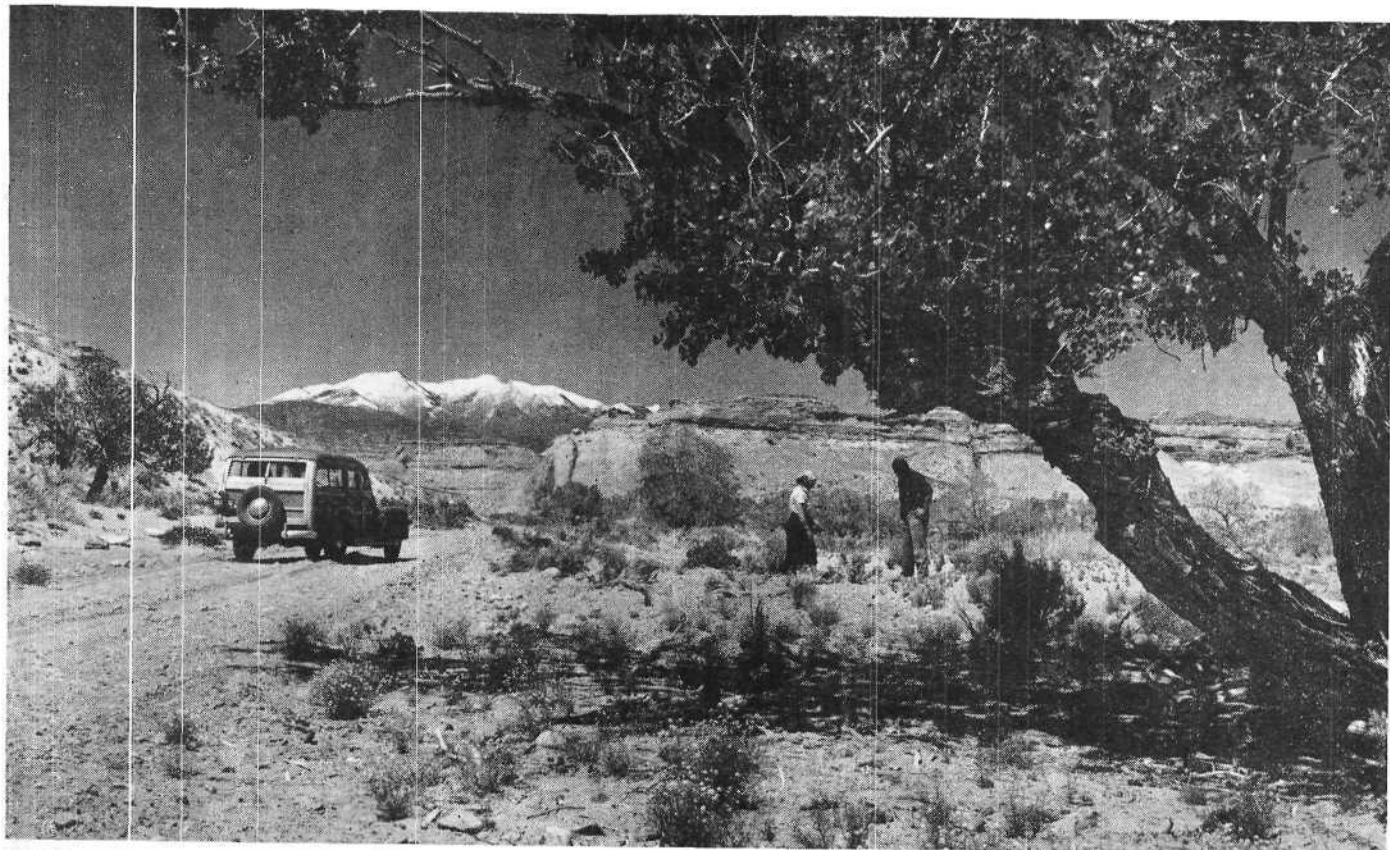
carried downstream, allowing adjustment for rising and falling water. The pull cable is lower and passes between shift wheels, the largest being attached to a truck rear axle on the Ford. The boat's course is thus determined by the cables and doesn't call for steering. It is "anchored" by applying the car brakes, which hold the craft steady at shore or out on the river.

You can see by the gleam in Art's eye as he explains each facet of his brainchild that he enjoyed creating it.

Three passenger cars or one tanker can make the trip, with a top load of eight tons. A "school bell" on the cliffs summons the ferryman to the White Canyon shore and people coming from Hanksville knock on his door if they don't find him at work nearby.

The bell peals out more and more frequently now as traffic increases. Uranium has been located all through





*Above—the snow-capped Henry Mountains rise above the desert in southeastern Utah. A bent cottonwood tree in North Wash frames this view of them from the road between Hanksville and Hite.*

*Below—There are cataracts above and below, but in Glen Canyon where the Chaffin ferry is located the Colorado river flows smoothly. The ferry is anchored to overhead cables which swing from shore to shore.*

the country and roads are being improved to meet the travel demand. A mill has been installed on the south shore, about a mile from the ferry landing, to process ore brought down from Happy Jack Mine in White Canyon. It hums day and night and 45 workers, with their families, have ended forever the loneliness of Hite.

Chaffin, with 46 years to run on his ferry franchise, has contracts for hauling oil almost daily to the mill, as well as the mail contract and the growing tourist traffic. People are beginning to know they can cross the river and follow White Canyon up to the beautiful Bridges National Monument, then over the Bear's Ears to Blanding and Monument Valley. Or coming down the canyon they may cross Glen Can-

yon on the way to the Henrys, Capitol Reef and on to paved roads that reach Utah's better known wonders at Zion and Bryce Canyon National Parks.

In the Chaffins' comfortable sitting room that evening, we talked of the future. When we weren't speaking of Art's dream highway, or the ferry boat which is playing a part in bringing it nearer to reality, there was Trachyte Canyon and Hoskininni Rock to hear about.

That afternoon we had driven several miles of winding road and then hiked some distance to see the rock monument Art named for an old Navajo chief. It stands some 400 feet above the canyon floor at the junction of Trachyte and a side canyon, with

gaunt, dignified features, readily recognizable as an Indian profile.

Hoskininni is part of Navajo history. His was the role of peacemaker, counseling the hot-headed young men of his tribe who thought they could stem the tide of whites by killing them. "You kill one now and many more will come," he cautioned them.

Art remembers him as a force in tribal councils and a friend of the white man. But Hoskininni had the common Indian taste for firewater and always tried to get Art to give him some, "Just for medicine."

I particularly liked one story the Chaffins told us about the old chief.

It was in the days of the trading post at Camp Stone. Hoskininni and a group of his braves with their squaws had come to trade and Art rowed across the river to bring them from the other shore, insisting as usual, that all arms be left behind.

Knowing the Indians' love of a joke, Art pretended to take a drink from a bottle of vinegar, during the course of the always prolonged trading of blankets and wool for silver dollars, and then the exchange of dollars again for groceries and yard goods. His Ute helper pretended to drink some, too.

The Navajos watched woodenly but continued trading and the incident seemed to have been forgotten. But after supper around their campfires, the men came back into the post and belligerently demanded whiskey.

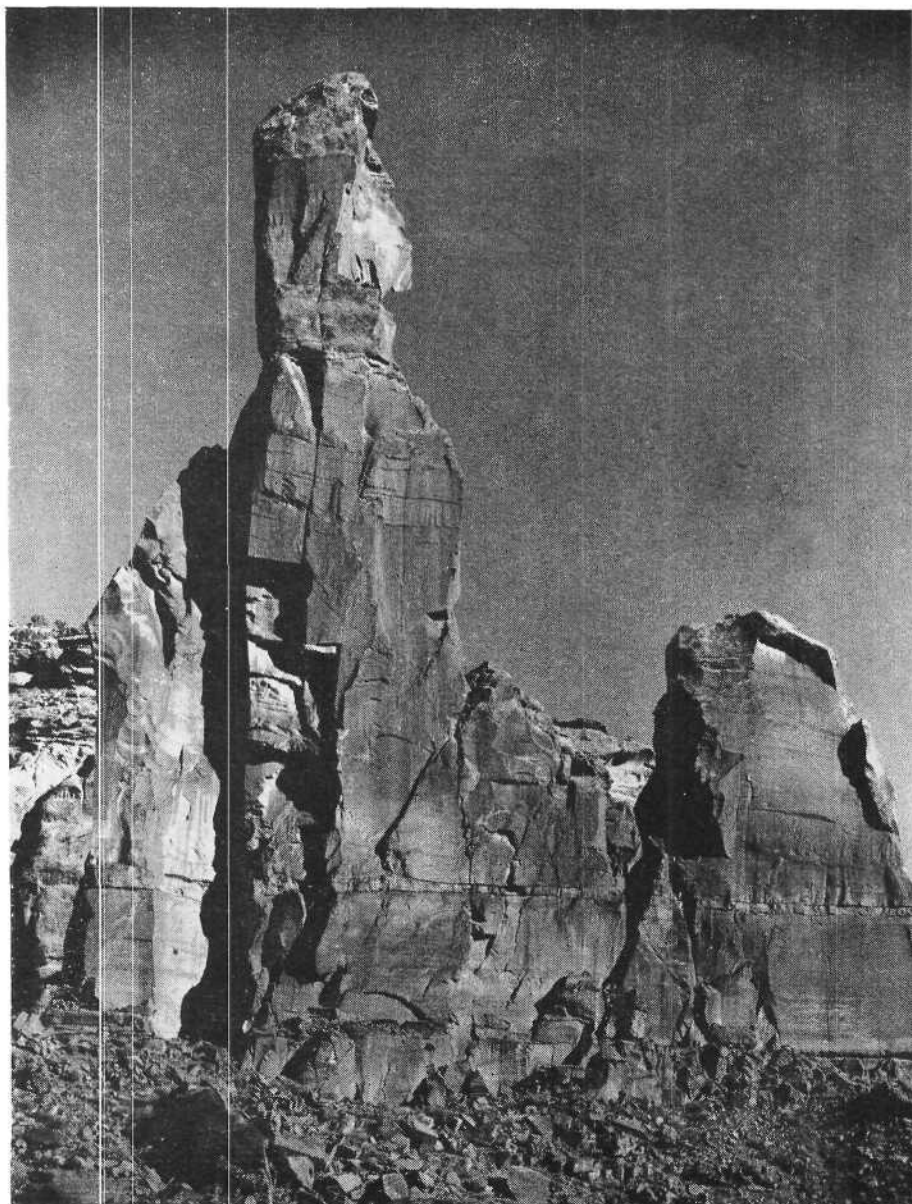
Of course, Chaffin said he had none. They insisted, moving menacingly up to the counter. Their only weapon was a rope, but Art had seen how effectively it could be used around a man's neck. He took down his rifle and laid it across the counter, watching every move among the braves. Their black eyes were snapping and for a time he thought they were going to rush him, rifle, or no rifle.

Then he thought of the vinegar. Taking it down from the shelf, he agreed to let one Indian come behind the counter and have a drink.

A brave stepped forward eagerly and accepted the bottle. Tilting his head back, he swallowed some of it before he knew what it was.

With their most difficult problems solved, the Chaffins dream now of a house trailer. They would like to leave their remote home at Hite-on-the-Colo-rado for a time and become tourists themselves. They would like to travel, to see old friends and visit new places. But wherever they go there will always be a quiet little place to return to—a place that will always mean much to them because of the hard pioneering work they did to establish it.

*Hoskininni Rock. The strong features, cut from blocks of red sandstone are said to resemble a proud old Navajo Indian Chief and the rock has been named in memory of him. It stands in Trachyte Canyon near the Colorado River crossing at Hite in southeastern Utah.*





# Letters

## Prescribes Elbow Grease . . .

Los Angeles, California

Desert:

In the November issue of *Desert* was a letter from Thelma G. Smith of Desert Center, California. She wanted to know how to obtain a small cabin where payments would be 10 or 15 dollars a month.

There are a number of ways to secure a simple home inexpensively. More important than money are requisites of salesmanship (selling oneself by good impressions) and willingness to pitch in and work.

If Thelma Smith lives close to a town large enough to have streetcars—or buses—she might be able to locate a worn-out car and persuade the transit company to move it for her. They sometimes are anxious to get rid of old stock which has little junk value. Set it up on a permanent foundation, clean it and apply a home paint job, put curtains at the window—there you are! A cozy home. Ancient trailers and broken-down boxcars also have possibilities.

Cinder blocks are inexpensive, and many desert dwellers have put up their own places with them.

A good persuader with little cash but an ample supply of "elbow grease" and ingenuity can devise a desert home from just about anything. Cleverness can transform a tumbledown old shack into a charming cabin.

MRS. R. ROWAN

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## Chiricahua or El Muerto? . . .

Mesa, Arizona

Desert:

"The Lost Treasure of the Chiricahuas" in the November issue of *Desert* is very interesting; but I wonder where Weldon Heald got his material!

In his book, *Coronado's Children*, J. Frank Doby has written a story, "Los Muertos no Hablan," dead men don't talk. The names in this story are the same bandits Curley Bill Brocius, Jim Hughes, Zwing Hunt, Billy Grounds and others, who appeared in Mr. Heald's version. The only difference is that the treasure was buried at El Muerto Springs, Davis Mountain, Jeff County, Texas, near the Mexican border.

Which is which? Are there two treasures, or perhaps a third location? Good luck to all who try to find this elusive loot.

A. B. L. CLAUSEN

## He Finally Got His Man . . .

Springfield, Illinois

Desert:

In your December issue, you published a letter from Harriet Nariss of Chicago, who wondered if the Four Corners—where the states of Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona join—has sufficient interest as material for pictures or a story.

Several years ago I read a short story based on the Four Corners. I do not remember the author, the title, or where the story appeared, but I do remember the plot.

A man wanted for a crime—probably murder—built a cabin squarely on the Four Corners. When the sheriff from one state called to make an arrest, the fugitive merely took a chair in another state. He moved from one corner of the cabin to another as the occasion justified.

But one day, just as one of the sheriffs arrived, a fiercely twisting windstorm came up, spinning the cabin around.

The quick-witted sheriff got his man.

KENNETH IRWIN

• • •

## Desert Changed His Life . . .

Monrovia, California

Desert:

It was four years ago that an old issue of *Desert Magazine* found its way to a trash can and into my life. At that time I was penniless. I read your magazine, and I became a prospector.

Since then, I have traveled miles throughout the desert you introduced to me. I have driven over desert roads, have hiked through desert mountains and over desert sands. I have become lost and have thirsted; I have been burned by the sun, frozen by the cold and blown by desert winds. But, though I slept on the ground like an Indian and ate a beggar's fare, I lived like a king. This desert has discouraged me often, but I always return to it. I love its beauty—in every mood—with all my heart.

I have one question which you or your readers may be able to answer for me. I remember reading somewhere about a certain Harry Carpenter who had discovered some Guano Caves on the Colorado River. I am anxious to get in touch with Mr. Carpenter and I wonder whether he still operates his caves. Any information about his whereabouts would be greatly appreciated.

JOHN A. HUSAVA

*Desert Magazine never has printed a story on Harry Carpenter's Guano Caves, nor does it know of Mr. Carpenter's present whereabouts. Can any reader answer Mr. Husava's question?*

—R. H.

## A Place of Serene Isolation . . .

Sherman Oaks, California

Desert:

One of your correspondents recently asked about the Four Corners region. Perhaps the following information will be of interest to her.

A year ago last October I found the road to Four Corners fairly good. West from Ship Rock to Tes Nos Pas (a small group of Navajo Hogans) approximately 30 miles, the road is a well graded, firm desert road, occasionally a little "washboardy" over gently rolling topography. At Tes Nos Pas a small sign marks the turnoff to Four Corners. The road, seven miles, was a typical single track desert road, easily traveled. It winds gently down to a hard surfaced level low tableland overlooking the San Juan River, which is about a mile to the north. The monument itself is on this level terrain, a good camping spot. Circling the monument are the wheel tracks of the few who have gotten a kick out of driving through Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico within a radius of fifty feet.

Here is a place to feel the full impact of serene isolation. Mrs. Poss and I reached the monument as the sun was setting. In complete silence we watched the colors of a brilliant sunset fade behind silhouetted hills. Then from far away came the strains of a weird but beautiful Navajo chant. We listened spellbound. This alone made the visit to Four Corners worthwhile.

This whole region is interesting and colorful. But it requires a little extra work to get around in it. For example, Cove, site of an Indian school a little west of Red Rock lies in a basin of red rocks and green pines at the foot of beautiful Lukachukai Mountains. It has an interesting history, and important carnotite (Uranium) discoveries have recently been made there. The road to Red Rock is graded, and from there on to Cove is passable. The Ship Rock itself, the Carrizo Mountains and other places near by in this primitive corner of the Navajo Reservation offer other points of interest.

However, in all this country, carry your own camp, food and water. My brother "Desert Rats" who travel with lighter portable outfits, may not agree with my method, but I use a light, efficient, small "house" trailer. I have acquired the knack of getting it into and out of places few people approach with a car. I usually use it as a base for more detailed reconnaissance. In former years I have camped all ways possible, but now prefer to have more complete equipment at hand.

One warning. Look for difficulty if you try to go west from Tes Nos Pas to Kayenta or Monument Valley. The

road is easy going, graded, dirt (watch when wet) from Tes Nos Pas to Mexican Water. It is also good between Dinnehotso and Kayenta, but between Mexican Water and Dinnehotso they call the trail "over the rocks." Three or four sandy stretches interspersed with long stretches of bare, bumpity, outcropping sandstone with only the markings of the Navajo's iron rimmed wagon wheels denoting the location of the trail make this 14-mile stretch a bit rugged. It took me seven hours from Four Corners to Dinnehotso—the trailer slowed me up some. Joe McNair and Bob Hood, teachers at the Dinnehotso Indian School, warmly hospitable, told us that they had never seen a trailer come over that road. A fine stalwart young Navajo, Fleming Begay (a former Marine) gave us a helping hand on one occasion. But that is what makes that part of the country enchanting—the total absence of civilized trappings, including good roads.

JOHN R. POSS

#### Tale of the Musket . . .

Long Beach, California

Desert:

Not long ago I had a rare bit of fortune. Just south of the town of Anza, California, I discovered, buried in sand, all the metal remains of an 1833 Springfield musket, a cadle for running lead balls or Minie bullets, and a short U. S. Army sword.

The Springfield raises a question. It was, as I say, an 1833 musket converted to percussion. But the Springfield Company claims it never issued a model 1833! I plan to send them a photograph of the lockplate and breech tang quite clearly marked "Springfield 1833" with the famous "viewed and proofed" stamp above it.

The elements long ago had claimed the walnut stock, but the long bolt that ties the breechplug tang to the trigger guard is a masterpiece of case hardening. I have worked on several weapons, later model Springfields. The stocks are hard and tough. But this one is bent like a relaxed index finger! The minute I noted this, I realized that it must have taken all the strength a man could muster, holding the rifle by the muzzle end, to accomplish that curve.

The musket, as I indicated, is a conversion from flintlock to percussion. This conversion was authorized by Congress, the work to be done at Springfield and Harper's Ferry arsenals in 1840-41.

I suspect some connection between the rifle and General Kearney's march to California. Unfortunately, as far as I have been able to ascertain, the records of the Quartermaster and Chief of Ordnance were juggled so much

during the Civil War that it would be impossible to discover just what arms he was issuing.

From studying a Smithsonian Institution bulletin on American and European swords, I have identified the sword found near the musket as a "foot artillery sword, period 1830 to 1850."

I am fascinated by these old weapons. Who once carried them? Were they abandoned or lost, captured or forgotten? I now am delving into pioneer history for an answer.

They may have belonged to a stray from a Mormon battalion. Or perhaps they were gathered by Cahuilla Indians present at the massacre of Kearney's men at San Pasqual. It is interesting to speculate.

JAMES A. SUTHARD

#### Sandspikes Still a Mystery . . .

Phoenix, Arizona

Desert:

I have been following the discussion in *Desert* concerning the origin of sandspikes. (*Desert* October 39, November 39, July 49, December 51.)

I wonder if they may have been caused by lightning strikes fusing the sand? It is true that certain places, primarily because of their large mineral deposits, seem to attract an unusually large number of strikes from passing storms. Might this not explain why large numbers of sandspikes have been found, for example, near Signal Mountain?

Another subject, which you treated some time ago, also caught my interest: the account of the "Trees Which Were Killed by Fear." (March 47 *Desert*) These were trees, junipers I believe, located in a small area on the Navajo reservation. They had been killed and denuded of their bark. The Indians said they had "died of fear."

After reading your article, I talked to a man who had seen a similar area, and he agreed with me that they might have been denuded by a severe hailstorm. If a thunderstorm were moving very slowly, or not at all, it is conceivable that a large amount of hail might fall in one restricted spot and leave the surrounding areas relatively untouched.

Of course this theory still doesn't explain the present lack of vegetation in the region. Perhaps it hasn't rained there sufficiently since to propagate any seeds.

CARL R. ERICKSON

*No, Sandspikes are not to be confused with fulgurites—the fused sand tubes sometimes found where lightning strikes sandy ground. Sandspikes are formed by crystallization—but why and how remains a mystery.—R. H.*

#### Likes Death Valley Cover . . .

Hanford, California

Desert:

I congratulate you on the December cover! What could be more appropriate than the road sign, the water, the Devil's Golf Course and the mountains in the distance? So far as I am concerned, you can use this for a number of issues. Doubtless you have other plans.

E. R. NASH

#### Jumping Beans Intriguing . . .

Sparks, Maryland

Desert:

When I purchased some Mexican jumping beans, I wanted to know more about these peculiar *Brincadores*. Perhaps some *Desert Magazine* readers have shared my curiosity.

May I suggest they read John W. Hilton's *Sonora Sketch Book*? In the chapter, "Love Life of a Jumping Bean," I found a wealth of information.

EDNA PLANT

*The jumping bean's activity is produced by a small moth, *Carpocaps asaltitans*. This moth lays its egg on the flower of the jumping bean. When the tiny worm hatches, it makes its way into the forming seed pod. The jumping is accounted for by the worm striking its head against the side of the thin shell. John Hilton's book tells many more interesting facts about the jumping bean phenomenon.—R. H.*

#### She Knew Ezra Hamilton . . .

Palm Desert, California

Desert:

I was very much interested in the November article by Marcia Wynn, *When Ezra Hamilton Found Gold at Willow Springs*. I knew Mr. Hamilton.

My husband and I first passed through Willow Springs in 1902, traveling in a covered wagon. There was nothing there at that time, except the spring, which we were afraid to use. In 1906 we again made the trip across the Mojave Desert to Bishop, this time in a two-cylinder Reo car. The horseless carriage being quite new, my husband was afraid we might get stuck in the sand; so he had an Indian follow us with a team of horses, to pull us out of trouble if necessary.

We arrived at Willow Springs several hours before the Indian and his rig and waited there for him. Mr. Hamilton had built the stone buildings and hotel and was also working the mine. We stayed in Willow Springs several days and he was wonderful to my husband and me and to our four young children. He served us meals—all we could eat—for 25 cents!

MARGARET M. WARD



# Here and There on the Desert

## ARIZONA

### Lake for Waterfowl . . .

**BOULDER CITY**—Acting Secretary of the Interior Richard D. Searles has approved a plan to develop a 5000-acre resting and feeding ground for waterfowl at Mitty Lake near Yuma. Cooperating on the project are the Bureau of Reclamation, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the Arizona Game and Fish Commission. The state commission at its own expense will construct inlet and outlet facilities to permit a small volume of fresh Colorado River water to flow through the now stagnant lake and thus promote the growth of waterfowl food and permit the propagation of game fish in the area.—*Las Vegas Review-Journal*.

### Double-Threat Scorpion . . .

**TEMPE**—Dr. Herbert Stahnke, director of the poisonous animal research laboratory at Arizona State College, reported a deadly scorpion with two complete tails and stingers had been contributed for anti-venom serum. Dr. Stahnke said each of the stingers had sufficient venom to kill a human being. The scorpion was dead upon receipt.—*Tucson Daily Citizen*.

## TRUE OR FALSE ANSWERS

Questions are on page 19

- 1—False.
- 2—True. 3—True.
- 4—False. There is no record of buffalo on the desert as far west as the lower Colorado River.
- 5—True.
- 6—False. Coolidge dam is on the Gila River.
- 7—False. Indian petroglyphs are found on rocks facing all directions.
- 8—False. Father Kino's missionary work in the New World covered the period 1683-1711. Father Garces traversed the desert 75 years later.
- 9—False. A rattlesnake has a vertebra of bone tissue extending nearly the length of its body.
- 10—True.
- 11—False. There were no burros until the Spaniards brought them from the Old World.
- 12—False. The creosote blossom is yellow.
- 13—True. 14—True.
- 15—False. The peccary is a species of wild hog found in southern Arizona.
- 16—False. Junipers do not grow below the Upper Sonoran plant zone.
- 17—False. Joshua tree wood is too porous for most furniture manufacture.
- 18—True. 19—True. 20—True.

### State May Finance Dam . . .

**WILLIAMS**—Arizona State Game Department several years ago was interested in building a dam near Williams for game and fish conservation purposes. The dam it considered was similar in plan to the proposed Kaibab Dam which would give the town of Williams a new water supply. It is hoped the department may renew its interest and build the Kaibab dam at the site a short distance north of the junction of U. S. Highway 66 and State Highway 64. If the game department does not take over construction, the dam will be built by town funds.—*Coconino Sun*.

### Indian Tribes Need Water . . .

**CASA GRANDE**—Maricopa and Pima Indian tribes face a desperate shortage of water, said Alfred Jackson, Maricopa-Pima Tribal Council chairman, at a conference in Sacaton. Edison Evans, a member of the council, stated he has a 10-acre allotment, but last year he received only enough water for less than one acre. Representatives of the San Carlos Irrigation and Drainage district accused Safford Valley farmers of pumping water that otherwise might have come down to them.—*Casa Grande Dispatch*.

### Desert Zoo Is Assured . . .

**TUCSON**—Establishment of a desert zoological and botanical garden in the Tucson Mountain park has been assured by the Pima county park committee. Start of the project is made certain by an initial grant of \$10,000 by the Charles Lathrop Pack foundation of New York. This money will be used for the acquisition of animal and plant specimens. An outdoor area will be fenced and equipped with cages and pits to contain native animals while indoor exhibits will be constructed in the Tucson Mountain House. Plans include rock, mineral and mining exhibits, collections of small living animals, reptiles and insects, as well as interpretive displays explaining southern Arizona geology, flora and fauna. Adjacent botanical gardens will include nearly 100 kinds of native desert cacti and approximately 400 types of desert trees, shrubs and flowers.—*Tucson Daily Citizen*.

### Buffalo Meat Offered . . .

**BENSON**—Arizona Game and Fish Commission had the job of disposing of 27,000 pounds of buffalo meat—from the 276 quarters of buffalo which

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WANTED TO BUY—Oxytheca Ferfoliata. See October issue of Desert Magazine for picture and description. Quote prices per 1000 plants. Hilo Steiner Studio, 500 Harding Rd., Fair Haven, New Jersey.

WANTED TO BUY—Fantasma Palm Drift—also called curled palm. Specify average size and price wanted. Hilo Steiner Studio, 500 Harding Rd., Fair Haven, New Jersey.

it was expected would be available after the 1951 shoot. This annual harvest of surplus animals is held to keep the Arizona herds within carrying capacity of their ranges. Sale price of meat was set at 30 cents a pound for front quarters and 40 cents a pound for hind quarters.—*San Pedro Valley News*.

## Levee Being Rebuilt . . .

YUMA—Remodeling work on the Yuma levee, one of those in the Colorado River Front and Levee System which extends into Arizona, California and Nevada, is more than 30 percent complete, and specifications have been issued on the next phase of the gigantic job. Although Hoover, Parker and Davis dams control the flow of Colorado River water in the upper part of Arizona, levees are needed to lessen danger of floods. These floods can originate along the river below Parker Dam and along the Gila River west of the network of dams in the vicinity of Phoenix.—*Yuma Daily Sun*.

## CALIFORNIA

### Cotton Shipped by River . . .

BLYTHE — The Colorado River again is being used for freight transportation. United Farms, Inc., which has 160 acres of cotton in Arizona's Cibola Valley, is loading picked cotton on a large flatboat similar to the old Murphy ferry. The boat brings the cotton to the California side, where it is transferred to trailers and trucked to a Blythe gin.—*Palo Verde Valley Times*.

### Plaque Honors Trailblazers . . .

BORREGO SPRINGS—Commemorating and honoring early trailblazers of the Colorado Desert, E Clampus Vitus, California historical society, placed a historical plaque on the De Anza Rancho in the Borrego Valley. Dr. Arthur Woodward, curator of Los Angeles County Museum, officiated at the dedication service, which was held during the society's overnight trek to the site.—*Borrego Sun*.

### Mullet Season Extended . . .

SALTON SEA—Phil Douglas, assistant fisheries biologist for the California Department of Fish and Game, has issued reassurance to a small commercial fishery that permission to fish the Salton Sea for mullet is not immediately in danger of being revoked. In fact, this year the commercial season, which usually closes in February, has been extended to April. Should it appear at any time that the setting of commercial gill nets in the sea would jeopardize the propagation of marine sport fishes, necessary regulations will be set to protect the introduced species, said Douglas.



### Road Link Completed . . .

PLASTER CITY — Opening up a road link which heretofore has been passable only to jeeps and power wagons, the counties of San Diego and Imperial have completed the grading of 2 miles of road between Agua Caliente springs in Vallecito Valley and Highway 80 at the settlement of Ocotillo. The road follows the route of the long-projected Imperial Highway by way of Sweeney Pass. It is now possible for motorists to leave Highway 78 at the Scissors Crossing and go by way of Vallecito stage station, Agua Caliente and Egg Mountain to connect with Highway 80 on the west side of Imperial Valley. The road opens a new collecting area to rockhounds, and is another step in the long-planned Imperial Highway route from El Segundo on the coast to Imperial Valley by way of Warner's Ranch.

### Famous Engineer Dies . . .

MOJAVE—It was July 8, 1905. Death Valley Scotty walked into the Los Angeles office of Santa Fe Railway, slapped \$5,500 cash on the counter and demanded a special train to take him to Chicago faster than any human had ever made the journey. By July 9, Santa Fe had chosen a crew of top engineers, firemen and conductors, and the "Coyote Special" departed on the 2,265-mile trip east.

Nineteen engineers, the "Nervy Nineteen" as they were called by newspapers of the day, handled the throttle. Now, 46 years later, the last of those engineers is gone. Thomas E. Gallagher died November 23 in Mojave at the age of 83.

R. P. Hinze, Santa Fe station agent at Fullerton, California, remains as the only surviving crewman of the record-breaking run. Hinze is a former fireman for the railway.—*Gallup Independent*.

### Dam Traffic May Be Stopped . . .

NEEDLES—Fishermen and other recreationists who cross Parker Dam to reach the Arizona shore of Havasu Lake are not assured that the roadway will be open at all times, announced E. A. Moritz, director of the Bureau of Reclamation's Region No. 3. The roadway might be closed without advance notice for reasons of security or because of operation and maintenance activities on top of the dam. Although never intended to serve as a bridge or public highway, the bureau has permitted its use as such so long as traffic did not interfere with normal operation and maintenance work. Moritz said the bureau hopes private, county or state interests eventually will construct an access road independent of the dam.—*Desert Star*.

### Farmers Ask River Diversion . . .

BLYTHER—Claiming gravity diversion into their canals has been increasingly difficult since construction of the Parker and Headgate Rock dams upstream, Blythe farmers have asked the Interstate Stream Commission to place under consideration a plan to divert the Colorado River to canals 12 miles north of the city. The Californians are asking Arizona's support for congressional approval of the project, which would build a new diversion system for 60,000 acres of the Palo Verde district.—*Yuma Daily Sun*.

### Unique Pueblo Opens . . .

DESERT HOT SPRINGS — After 10 years of construction, Cabot Yerxa's Indian Pueblo has been opened to the public. More additions are planned to the 30-room Hopi type structure, built on a rocky slope just outside Desert Hot Springs. Yerxa has lived in the desert area since 1913.—*Indio Date Palm*.

### Indian Legislation Outlined . . .

BISHOP — Proposed legislation which, if passed, would provide greater citizenship rights for California Indians, was presented by members of the Indian board of trustees at a meeting of Bishop area tribes. The legislation would eliminate certain restrictions which exist on lands now held by Indians and would offer the Indians clear titles to their lands. If hardship cases existed, debts on irrigation systems built in Indian country would be retired. Under the proposed law, Indians between 21 and 50 years of age would be subject to taxation.—*Inyo Independent*.

### Park Survey Ordered . . .

BLYTHER—To aid study of a proposal which would establish a state park in the Palo Verde Valley, a survey of sites on the lower Colorado River has been ordered by the California Division of Beaches and Parks. Two or three of the best sites will be recommended for further consideration.—*Palo Verde Valley Times*.

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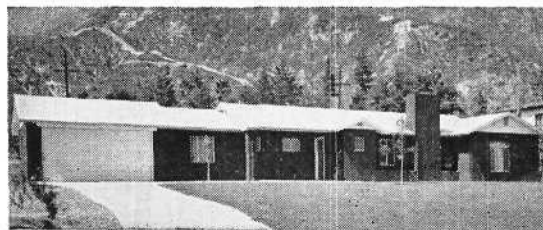
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### Flax Acreage Drops . . .

EL CENTRO — Despite excellent prospects for higher flaxseed prices, a heavy swing to cotton in Imperial Valley will substantially reduce the acreage planted to flax this crop year. Flax acreage harvested in the valley in 1950 was 46,000. Although too early to make a firm estimate on the 1952 acreage, it may drop as low as 35,000 acres for the entire valley. The swing to cotton and low prices received for part of the last crop are cited as causes for the decrease.—*Imperial Valley Weekly*.

### LOWER CALIFORNIA

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### Quail Wings Wanted . . .

BERKELEY—Game biologists of the California Department of Fish and Game believe they can learn something about the state's quail species if they have enough quail wings to look over. They have issued an appeal to hunters asking that the outer, or tip half of the birds' right wings be mailed to the department's food habits laboratory, University of California, Berkeley. Each should be identified if possible, showing sex and species—mountain, valley or Gambel's. Study of the wings will provide information about the percentage of birds hatched this year and other biological statistics which will be valuable in formulating future quail management plans.—*Inyo Register*.

### NEVADA

### Shasta Power Promised . . .

WASHINGTON — According to Senator George W. Malone, the Department of Interior has given Nevada a firm offer of 150,000 kilowatts of power from Shasta Dam on a 50 percent load factor. Availability of 167,000 kilowatts of power from Folsom Dam also has been promised for 1954. If Nevada accepted the Shasta offer, Malone pointed out, it would mean that regardless of any power shortage in California or elsewhere none of this power could be taken away. The cost would be stable over the next several generations, which would make it possible to quote low and constant industrial rates. When transmission lines are completed, power would be made available throughout the state.—*Humboldt Star*.

### Lake Mead Is Inspiration . . .

BOULDER CITY—Ferde Grofe, noted composer of the *Grand Canyon Suite*, is producing *Dawn at Lake Mead* as his most recent work. He has been working on the composition since moving to Boulder City, carrying a "musical scratchpad" with him most of the time and making notes of ideas when they come to him. He said he wrote more than 200 storm effects for the *Grand Canyon Suite* before he finished it.—*Las Vegas Review-Journal*.

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### Out After Rustlers . . .

PIOCHE—Suggestions for lessening cattle losses due to either rustling or accidental shipment of strays were presented at the 1951 Nevada State Cattle Association convention. The association's brand committee recommended that qualified men who know livestock be hired by the Nevada Board of Stock and be given police power to see that present livestock laws are enforced. The committee praised existing Nevada stock laws, but deplored the machinery set up for enforcement. The suggestion was made also that the present law be amended so that all shipments must carry a standard certificate filled out by the owner.—*Pioche Record*.

### 1951 Brand Book Out . . .

FALLON—1951 edition of the Nevada brand book, issued every five years, has been published by the State Department of Agriculture. The new edition contains 3404 brands, an increase of 379 over 1946. Copies may be obtained from the department's office in Reno for \$2.00 each.—*Fallon Standard*.

### Urge Monopoly Ban . . .

LAS VEGAS—Asserting the belief that competitive practices would expedite materially the development of Lake Mead as a sportsman's and tourist's mecca, representatives from chambers of commerce and sporting groups met in Las Vegas to urge elimination of "government-sanctioned monopolistic practices" in the recreation area. The group drafted recommendations for improvement of recreation facilities and planned to send them to the Department of Interior.—*Las Vegas Review-Journal*.

### NEW MEXICO

### Road Improvement Started . . .

GRANTS — After many years of promises, some definite action at last has been taken on improving the road from Grants to El Morro and the ice caves and continuing to San Rafael. The three miles of hard surface road will be built by funds from the county's farm to market road fund. Aid also will come from the Federal Bureau of Public Roads and the State Highway Department.—*Grants Beacon*.

### Indians Sign for Film . . .

ALBUQUERQUE — Indian ceremonial, warrior, pleasure and hunting dances of the painted desert comprise the repertoire of the White Cloud brothers. Indian dancers from the Jemez tribe of New Mexico. The brothers, Chief Tony White Cloud, Sam, Clemen and Val, have been signed by Columbia Pictures to do a specialty number in "Apache Country," western film starring Gene Autry.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.



## Water Due Rio Grande Valley . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—Water users in the Middle Rio Grande Valley in New Mexico will benefit from a two-way relief program instituted late last year. The area, plagued by drouth, suffers also from evaporation from ponds and lagoons and from drainage through salt cedar and other vegetation. Secretary of the Interior Oscar L. Chapman announced that contracts have been let

for improving a 21-mile stretch of the river. The government's seal of approval also has been placed on an agreement with the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District providing for repairs and extension of its irrigation and drainage system. The two-point program is first step in a comprehensive plan to bring the valley up to its maximum production potential.—*Reclamation Era*.

## Pegleg Gold Hunters Meet for Annual Liar's Contest

PEGLEG SMITH ENCAMPMENT, Jan. 1—Competing in a field of 26 contestants, including several past masters in the art of spinning whoppers, Art McCain of Barstow recaptured his 1949 championship title by winning Sweepstakes Award at the Fourth Annual convention of Desert Liars' Club. The affair is held each New Year's Eve in connection with the famous Pegleg Smith Lost Gold Trek in Borrego Valley.

McCain's winning entry concerned a piece of desert real estate assertedly purchased by him when its owner represented it as a phenomenal piece of property having "water on every acre." Subsequent investigation revealed that the land was situated on the bottom of Salton Sea.

Obtaining a rowboat, McCain said, he had set forth to inspect his new holdings. His adventures in connection with the survey had included a terrific storm, a waterspout which pinned his boat to the bottom of the Sea; a sea dog which barked at him; a mermaid, who was directing traffic to Pegleg's three lost buttes; and a sea serpent, which he "battled with my water pistol . . . until I ran out of water!"

Second place in the men's division was awarded to Howard D. Clark, of Yucca Valley. Clark's tale dealt with a super-realistic mirage, in which his partner became lost in the Last Chance saloon and was not found until the mirage reappeared a year later.

In the women's division, first honors were claimed by Miss Nancy Biggins who described an alleged airplane ride in which she had as her passenger, the ghost of Pegleg Smith. Miss Biggins, a resident of St. Joseph, Missouri, is currently enrolled at an Escondido boarding school. Second place for women was awarded to Mrs. Lucy Hillyer, of Julian, for her tall tale of a squirrel hunting trip in Kansas. To Johnny and Susanne Rich, brother and sister, went special awards for Junior Fibbers.

Judges for the Liars' Contest were

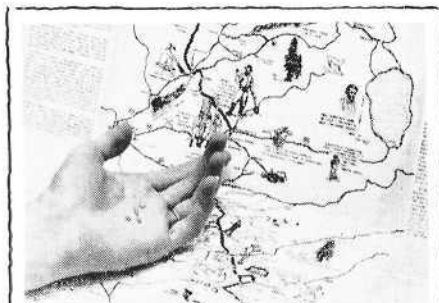
Ray Hetherington, of Ghost Town, Buena Park; Fred Harvey, Encinitas; Jay Wilson, Long Beach; H. T. Evans, Sunnymead; and Nell Murbarger, Costa Mesa.

In addition to the bronzed statuette of Old Pegleg, originally modeled by Mrs. Randall Henderson, and awarded each year to the Sweepstakes winner, prizes included books on desert subjects, preserved fruit, packaged dates, and mineral specimens, provided by Ray Hetherington, Ensign Date Ranch, of Borrego Springs, and McCain.

Honors for farthest distance traveled went to Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Nicholson, of Seattle. Mr. Nicholson, a Navy officer at that port, had obtained a special ten-day leave to make possible their attendance at the affair. Sunset Hikers club, of San Diego, attended in a body.

Prior to the Liar's Contest, the evening program featured around-the-campfire singing of many favorite old songs, with Ed Stevens, of Imperial, providing banjo accompaniment. McCain acted as master of ceremonies.

An estimated 300 persons were in attendance, with approximately 50 outfits remaining to camp on the desert flat.



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## Name Change Confusing . . .

**HOT SPRINGS**—When the name of a community is changed, the people most concerned—next to the inhabitants and post office—are the map makers. Latest cause for concern is the town of Hot Springs, New Mexico, which has been changed to Truth or Consequences. Rand McNally's new *Standard World Atlas* carries the new name in parenthesis after Hot Springs in its road map; a double entry in its 1951 *Commercial Atlas* shows Hot Springs as a post office name and Truth or Consequences as the corporate name.—*Pioche Record*.

## Seeks Uniform Route Number . . .

**GALLUP**—The Canada-to-Mexico highway which carries the number 666 in New Mexico has many other numbers in the states through which it passes. This lack of uniformity long has bothered Joe Neal of Meeker, Colorado. Under Neal's persuasion, a request was made last year for a uniform route number. American Association of State Highway officials denied the request on grounds that it should have been submitted through the states and not through the association. The Coloradoan now is working to have the state highway departments again request the uniform number, preferably U. S. 387, and to do so directly.—*Gallup Independent*.

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## Navajos Lease Oil Lands . . .

**GALLUP**—Biggest sale of oil and gas leases in Navajo history resulted in high bids which total \$960,074.34 in bonuses for the tribe. Two sales were conducted for allotted and for reservation land in San Juan county. Total acreage involved was 55,364, the largest area covered to date in one sale. In addition to bonus totals, the tribe will receive \$1.25 per acre for rental each year, bringing the first year's total income to \$1,029,279. The tribe also will get the customary production royalties when and if the tracts become producers.—*Gallup Independent*.

## Navajo Probe Urged . . .

**SANTA FE**—"Cannot you do something to protect our children attending Navajo service schools in this area?" wrote Mrs. Charles H. Dietrich to Chief Justice Eugene D. Lujan of the New Mexico Supreme Court. Mrs. Dietrich said bootleggers are overrunning the eastern fringes of the reservation in the Star Lake area northeast of Grants. She told of fights, murders and terror. Justice Lujan replied that the supreme court is merely a court of appeal and that it has no jurisdiction in the matter. However, he said he is passing the matter along to the attorney general for action if state jurisdiction is involved. If Mrs. Dietrich's statements about lawlessness are true, he said, "something ought to be done to remedy it."—*Gallup Independent*.

## UTAH

## Tunnel "Holes Through" . . .

**KAMAS**—More than four years of labor and many years of dreaming reached a climax when crews "holed through" the Duchesne Tunnel, connecting the Colorado River Basin with Salt Lake Valley. The holing through came as a surprise to crew members and engineers alike. Working on the six-mile drive through Broadhead Mountain in the Uintah Range, engineers had estimated the bore would be 15 feet longer than it proved to be. Located 18 miles east of Kamas, the tunnel, when completed, will tap the north fork of the Duchesne River and for the first time will bring water of the Colorado River drainage basin into Salt Lake Valley.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

## Report Urges Echo Dam . . .

**VERNAL** — "If there is anything completely useless, it is an uncontrolled river in an inaccessible canyon." This statement is contained in the report of a fact-finding expedition which recently completed an exhaustive study of the Green River and Yampa Canyons in relation to the proposed Echo Park



Dam. The expedition party included a consulting hydrologist, civil engineers, mining engineers and a geologist. In their report are 5000 feet of motion picture film, graphic topographical descriptions, 600 colored slides, over 200 plate pictures and pages of statistics. —*Vernal Express*.

#### Open Halogeton War . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Halogeton, an annual with a light root system, is a prolific seeder. It thrives on a wide moisture range but is a poor competitor. A good stand of grass will kill it. So, to battle the deadly weed, the U. S. Bureau of Land Management is reseeding more than 100,000 acres of denuded western rangeland with crested wheat grass. In the spring, the bureau will take other preventive measures such as spraying with a weed killer and burning plants. —*Salt Lake Tribune*.

#### Sheep Starve in Canyon . . .

PAROWAN—Counting his sheep preparatory to leaving the summer range, Carl F. Burton discovered 75 head of breeding ewes were missing. After a two-month search, the missing animals were found—all but eight of them dead from starvation. Though in an area rich in vegetation, they evidently had been frightened and had jumped into a miniature box canyon which was devoid of plant life. When found, the eight still alive were eating the wool from their dead sisters. Burton placed his loss at \$3000. —*Vernal Express*.

#### AEC Withdraws More Land . . .

KANAB—The U. S. Department of Interior has advised the Atomic Energy Commission that, in accordance with a request from the Commission, it has withdrawn from mineral entry for use of the AEC approximately 66 square miles in Grand County, Utah. The new area withdrawn by Public Land Order 745 will be subjected to comprehensive testing for uranium bearing ores. The total area now withdrawn in southwestern Colorado and southeastern Utah is about 264 square miles. —*Kane County Standard*.

#### Objects to "Dead Horse" . . .


MOAB—"Dead Horse Point" is an objectionable name for a beautiful scenic spot, according to Oscar W. McConkie who urges a more descriptive title be given to the Grand Canyon vista station near Moab. To McConkie, "Dead Horse Point" suggests that sometime a broomtail ran over the rim and was killed, which could be of no interest to anything living or dead except the broomtail. 'Utah Grand Canyon' should be the name of a scenic wonder which in some respects surpasses anything that I know on the face of the earth." —*Times-Independent*.

#### Ask Grazing Rights . . .

MOAB—A group of Navajo Indians have asked the Utah Supreme Court to reverse a district court order requiring them to leave grazing lands in southern San Juan county. The injunction was ordered after white stockmen showed federal grazing permits on lands the Indians were using

to feed their sheep. Several Navajos were given 30-day jail terms for failing to abide by provisions of the injunction. Knox Patterson, attorney for the Indians, said his clients cannot obey the order because they have no place to go; the adjoining reservation is "hopelessly" overgrazed. — *Moab Times-Independent*.

HEBER—David N. "Uncle Dave" Murdock, 96, Blackhawk Indian war veteran who claimed to be the last surviving Pony Express rider, died December 13 in a Heber hospital. Oldest resident of Wasatch county, Murdock was born in Salt Lake City in 1855. — *Salt Lake Tribune*.



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# Mines and Mining

## Carson City, Nevada . . .

An unusual mining operation is being conducted by L. B. Smith and Dan Avery at Carson River, six miles east of Carson City. With a 100-yard per hour Bodinson drybank washing plant, jig equipped, and a two-yard Lorain dragline, the firm is recovering high values in gold, silver and quicksilver from tailings of the early Carson River gold and silver mills. Twelve dumps are being worked along a 14-mile stretch. Quicksilver used by the old mills evidently spilled over into the tailings and has accumulated in pockets or concentrations in the dumps. —*Pioche Record*.

## Tonopah, Nevada . . .

A remarkable strike of silver ore at the Mohawk Mine at Argentite out of Silver Peak may prove a life saver to Esmeralda County, Nevada. The new ore body has been drifted on for a length of more than 150 feet, averaging 42 ounces of silver and carrying some lead. Width of the vein is unknown, although it is the full width of the six-foot tunnel all the way and, where crosscut, reaches more than 12 feet wide. —*Tonopah Times-Bonanza*.

## Plymouth, California . . .

Copper Hill Mine west of Plymouth has been reopened by R. E. Fitzgerald and associates of San Francisco. The mine has been cleaned out, and a crew is removing old drifts and retimbering where needed. Three carloads of copper-zinc ore were shipped to a smelter at Salt Lake City recently. The ore is a mixture of pyrite, chalcopryrite and sphalerite and also includes small amounts of gold and silver. —*Humboldt Star*.

## Austin, Nevada . . .

Owners John and Perry Henebergh are convinced their Henebergh Uranium Mine near Round Mountain can be developed into a big producer. They have 1300 feet of uranium ore showing on the main vein plus six parallel veins which could be developed. Uranium shows practically throughout the entire workings of the mine. The ore is autunite and torbenite, a weathering of pitchblende. The operators predict they can cut into the pitchblende, or primary ore with considerable depth. —*Reese River Reveille*.

## Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Sinking of a shaft on the pitchblende property of the Nevada Uranium Company, Inc., is continuing to uncover a

30-inch width of high grade uranium in the five-foot wide vein. Value of the ore is said to run 0.7 percent uranium. Underground mining will be carried on during the winter, and shipping of the pitchblende ore will be started as soon as weather conditions permit. —*Humboldt Star*.

## Tombstone, Arizona . . .

Mining industry in the Tombstone area received good news with announcement that one of its mines, the Abril Mine in the Dragoon Mountains near Tombstone, will receive government assistance under the Defense Minerals Administration. It is presumed that the government exploration contract is for the purpose of further developing zinc and copper potentialities of the mine. —*Tombstone Epitaph*.

## Tonopah, Nevada . . .

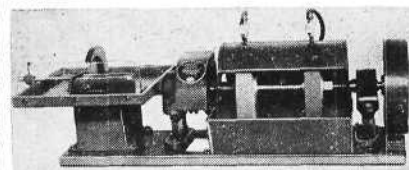
Transfer of tungsten mining and mill properties in northern Humboldt County has been announced, with the lease option agreements reportedly involving considerations aggregating more than \$80,000. The mining properties are lode claims approximately 20 miles southwest of Denio and the mill properties are identified as the Vicksburg and Pine Forest sites. —*Tonopah Times-Bonanza*.

## Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Main extension, at depth, of the Crescent fissure may have been encountered in joint workings of the Silver King Coalition Mines Company and Park Utah Consolidated Mines Company at Park City. Paul H. Hunt, vice-president and general manager of Park Utah, said explorations had hit a small lead-silver-zinc vein in hanging wall of the lime formation. Although the vein is not large, the general fissure system appears to be sizeable. Correlation with workings in the fissure at upper levels in Silver King ground leads mine officials to believe the 2100-foot level discovery to be connected with the Crescent. —*Pioche Record*.

## Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

J. Bruce Clemmer, chief of the U. S. Bureau of Mines' Southwest Experiment Station at Tucson, Arizona, has been appointed head of the agency's intermountain station at Salt Lake City. He will direct metallurgical research carried on by the bureau in Utah, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming. —*Salt Lake Tribune*.



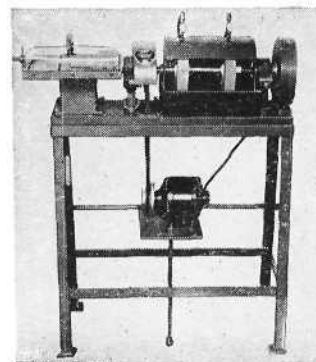
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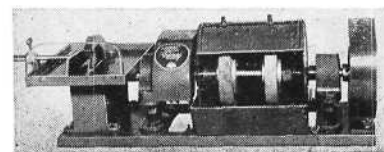
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# Gems and Minerals

## SUGGESTS WASTE TAILINGS AS MINE SUPPORT MATERIAL

A system of mining using waste tailings or other easily available material as support in mines is described in a new report released by the California Division of Mines.

*Hydraulic Filling in Metal Mines*, issued as Special Report No. 12, was written by W. E. Lightfoot. Hydraulic filling is a system by which the material needed to fill underground openings is supplied as a dense pulp. The pulp, after consolidation, forms a "fill" which can be used efficiently for support and for sealing-off purposes. The method also reduces tailing disposal problems.

The process of hydraulic filling was first proposed in 1864 by a Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, priest who, in an attempt to prevent his church from sinking into the caving underground mine workings beneath, persuaded the owners of the mine to fill the workings with waste. Since then, hydraulic filling has been used in many mines.

The 28-page text of Special Report No. 12 describes the technique and benefits of hydraulic filling. It is amply illustrated by 15 photographs and drawings. The report sells for 50 cents and may be ordered from the California Division of Mines, Ferry Building, San Francisco 11, California. Residents of California should add three percent sales tax.

## COMPTON CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS FOR NEW YEAR

At a Christmas meeting, Jim Carnahan was elected president of Compton Gem and Mineral club. Gerald Backus is vice-president; Marge Wakeman, recording secretary; Frances Reeves, corresponding secretary; Don McClain, treasurer; Dru Benefiel, historian; and Hank Henninger, librarian.

The group worked tailings outside the Pala Chief tourmaline mine in Pala, California, for tourmaline and Kunzite crystals. Tourmaline was viewed in the dikes of the mine shafts.

## GEMOLOGY INSTRUCTORS PROVIDE MEETING PROGRAM

Members of the gem and lapidary division of San Diego Mineral and Gem society enjoyed a special program presented by two present instructors and one former instructor of the Gemological Institute of America. Jack Shunk, former instructor at the institute, is a certified gemologist and a fellow of the Gemological Association of Great Britain. Recently returned from a year's stay in Belo Horizonte, Brazil, he spoke to the group on "Brazilian Gems." James Small, a new fellow of the Gemological Association of Great Britain, spoke briefly on the history of the Gemological Institute and outlined its courses. Gene Speitel projected colored slides illustrating his remarks on "Inclusions in Gemstones."

Palo Alto Geology society learned of luminescence from Marcel Vogel, guest speaker from San Francisco. Vogel illustrated his talk with luminescent chalk and luminescent and incandescent light. He spoke of the phenomena of the ultra violet fluorescent light and the radiated phosphorescent light.

## TRADER'S WIFE SPEAKS OF HOPI, NAVAJO ORIGINS

Mrs. Ophelia Romero and her husband, a trader to the Indians, lived for 12 years among the Navajo. Mrs. Romero spoke to members of the Yavapai County Archeological society at a meeting in Prescott, Arizona.

Discussing origins of the American Indian, the speaker noted that she often had seen resemblance between the Navajo and the Chinese—in physique as well as in language sounds. The first Navajos halted in their migration somewhere around Alaska. Then, only 400 or 500 years ago, the tribe continued to its present habitation. This later migration is so comparatively recent that stories of the trek are told by the older Navajo men, the tales being handed down from father to son.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Romero, "the Navajo and plains Indians who occupy the central and eastern part of the United States—the hunters, fishers and farmers—were Asiatic peoples. But on the other hand, the southwest pueblo tribes must have come up from Mexico and Central America. The Hopi, especially, are very similar to the Mayans of Central America. Hopis will tell of long ago, when they came up from a land far to the south."

Rocks were wrapped and exchanged as gifts by members of the Kern County Mineral society at a Christmas dinner. The dinner and party is an annual yuletide affair of the group.

Membership list of Compton Gem and Mineral society passed the 100 mark in November. Mae Sharp was the 100th member, and she received a badge and several prizes for the distinction.

Richard M. Stewart of the California Division of Mines spoke on "Geology and Mineral Wealth of Inyo County, California" at a meeting of Pacific Mineral society. Inyo county has a total production of \$138,000,000 in minerals to its credit and presents a complete study of geological eras.

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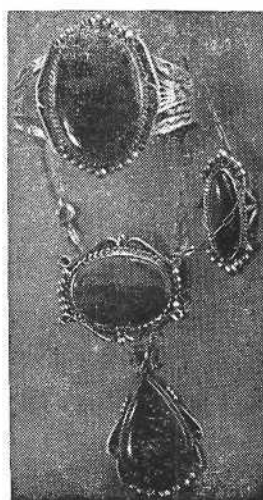
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**ROCK COLLECTORS ATTENTION!** Back in desert for winter—new rocks—new Trailer Rock Store, The Rockologist, Box 181, Cathedral City, California.

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A new map service has been inaugurated by the Hollywood Lapidary Society of California. In each issue of *Hollywood Sphere*, society monthly publication, a map is printed. Some cover coming group field trips; others are designed for individual excursions. Each sheet is punched, so that it can be removed from the *Sphere* and inserted in a loose leaf binder.

Pomona Valley Mineral club of California staged a field trip to nearby Orange County to collect salt groups, and another to the Calico Mountains. The latter excursion added gypsum crystals, sagenite and petrified palm root to members' collections.

John B. Jago collected azurite, olivenite and malachite in Southwest Africa. From Sweden he obtained rare earth minerals, and in the French Congo he found diopside crystal groups. Jago told of his world-wide collecting trip at a meeting of the East Bay Mineral society in Oakland, California. He displayed some of his choice specimens.

Arthur Terry displayed his colored photomicrographs of "Crystals and their Inclusions" to members of the Gem Cutters Guild of Los Angeles. Terry's collection included demantoid garnets, opals, titania, emeralds, copper and lead ore, lapis lazuli and sapphires. Study of inclusions adds the lapidary when faceting a stone.

Motion pictures in color and sound told stories of minerals at a meeting of the Gem and Mineral society of San Mateo County, California. The first film dealt with life and industry of Nevada, much of the material being devoted to the state's extensive mineral deposits. A second movie described the large sulphur deposits along the Gulf Coast between Galveston, Texas, and New Orleans. From this small area comes the bulk of the world's sulphur supply.

Reappearing as guest speaker for the Sacramento Mineral society, Charles V. Hansen of San Francisco discussed "Pearls: Their Care and Setting." The Sacramento membership decided to forego organized group field trips for December and January. Instead, members were urged to organize their own small parties and explore nearby locations on afternoon picnic trips.

President Ernest E. Michael entertained the Yavapai Gem and Mineral society at a meeting in his home. Michael demonstrated his new lapidary equipment, and jewelry, gem and mineral exhibits were shown.

"Early Man in North America" was the topic of Miss Elaine Bluhm, assistant in the department of anthropology of the Chicago Natural History Museum, when she spoke to members of the Earth Science Club of Northern Illinois. Miss Bluhm has spent several summers doing anthropological field work in the Southwest. She showed colored slides to illustrate her talk.

Rex Layton was elected president at an election meeting of the Gila Valley Gem and Mineral society. Other officers assisting him through the 1952 season will be Wat Erwin, vice-president; Mrs. Muriel Layton, secretary; and Fenton Taylor, librarian and publicity chairman.



## DIVISION INVESTIGATES RICH CHROMITE DEPOSITS

California's El Dorado County chromite deposits, the largest source of chrome in the Sierra Nevada, is the subject of a new chapter in *Geological Investigations of Chromite in California*, Bulletin No. 134 of the California Division of Mines series.

Chromite has been known to be in El Dorado County since 1853, but very little was produced before the wartime demand created by the need for chrome in armament in World War I stimulated mining activity. At least 53 deposits have produced chromite in El Dorado County, yielding a recorded total of nearly 45,000 long tons of ore. At present, reserves of more than 600,000 tons of material containing 5 percent or more of chromic oxide remain.

Fifty-four mines and prospects are described in the 61-page text. Maps of several of the deposits are included, and a pocket in the back of the volume contains large-scale color maps of the Pillican mine, a map of Western El Dorado County in two colors, showing mines and prospects, and a four-color geologic map of the Flagstaff Hill area.

Priced at 90 cents, this chapter of the bulletin may be ordered from the California Division of Mines, Ferry Building, San Francisco 11, California. California residents should add three percent sales tax.

New officers, directors and committee members were chosen at an election meeting of the Oklahoma Mineral and Gem society. Alvin M. Markwell is president; H. T. Daniels, vice-president; J. B. McVeety, secretary; Frank R. Edwards, treasurer; Mrs. H. T. Daniels, parliamentarian; and Mrs. Tom F. Carey, librarian. Mrs. George C. McRoberts, Joe Blickenstaff and Mrs. L. T. Riggs are new directors.

First show of the San Luis Obispo Gem and Mineral Club is scheduled for March 29 and 30 in the Grange Hall at San Luis Obispo, California. Exhibits will be non-competitive, and the sponsoring group invites individuals and other clubs to participate. Reservations for space may be made by writing Myer L. Crumb, chairman, San Luis Obispo Gem and Mineral Club, P. O. Box 563, San Luis Obispo, California.

Describing principal oil shale deposits of the world, Dr. Charles Prien of the Institute of Industrial Research, University of Denver, spoke to members of the Colorado Mineral society on "World Development of Oil Shale." He explained recovery methods in this and in foreign countries and showed pictures of the various types of equipment used in several processes of separating useful oils from the shale. Chemical constituents and possible uses of the oils and by-products were mentioned and comparative costs were evaluated.

### TIMBER!

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Wendell Stewart, member of the Mineralogical society of Southern California, spoke to fellow members at a meeting in Pasadena, California. Stewart's topic was "Jackson Hole, Wyoming—Late of the Old West." He illustrated his remarks with colored slides. Informal comments on the geology of the Tetons were given by Stan Hill.

For several weekend field trips last year, Coachella Valley Mineral Society, California, arranged a "community kitchen." Members found it more fun to share meals and eat together. Now the society is working toward a permanent club "chuck wagon," assembling equipment to feed 24 persons. Stainless steel knives, forks, spoons and divided trays are being purchased, and many members are donating cooking utensils.

Dr. Paul M. Wright, chairman of the department of geology at Wheaton College, each summer takes a student group for from four to six weeks' field study in the mineralogically rich Black Hills region of Illinois. He has gathered illustrated lecture material on "The Geology of the Black Hills," which he presented at a general meeting of the Chicago Rocks and Minerals society.

More than 5000 persons viewed exhibits at the annual show of Sequoia Mineral Society, Fresno, California. A total of 47 families, numbering nearly 100 individuals, had material on display.

San Diego Lapidary society now has a large folding display case, approximately six feet long. It was constructed at an estimated cost of \$70 for material and labor.

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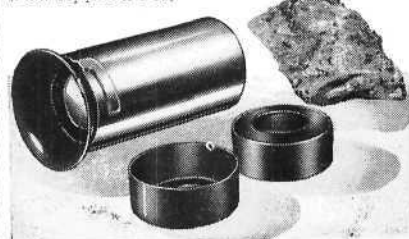
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Taking members on a color slide trip through national parks, Mrs. Helen Beck was guest speaker at a meeting of Delvers Gem and Mineral society, Downey, California. Taken on a recent trip, the pictures included scenes from Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest, Bryce, Zion, Cedar Breaks, Yellowstone and Canada's Lake Louise.

Foregoing their regular meeting, members of the San Antonio Rock and Lapidary society gathered for a Christmas party. A program was presented and gifts exchanged.

Faced with the difficulty of transporting machinery for demonstration at society meetings, Minnesota Mineral society scheduled a series of home visits. Six homes within easy driving distance were on the December 15 open house itinerary. Hosts showed their machinery and displayed collections.

Western Nebraska Mineral society plans to maintain a shelf of books which would provide reference sources on gems, minerals and geology. Furnished by members, the books will be loaned only to members.

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Mrs. Jessie Chittenden distributed more of her gem location maps at a meeting of the Pasadena Lapidary society. A. B. Meiklejohn spoke on cutting cabochons.

Ralph Paul is new president of the Long Beach Gem and Mineral society. Other officers for 1952 are Jessie Hardman, vice-president; Marjorie Erdal, secretary; Harvey Hawkins, treasurer; James Greene, Louis Wendel and Joe Hudson, board members.

Gem Cutters Guild of Baltimore won first prize in group exhibits at the Eastern Federation of Lapidary and Mineralogical societies convention held in Washington. D. C. Baltimore members also won a number of the individual awards.

Three speakers from Los Angeles Lapidary society spoke at a joint meeting of that group and the Shadow Mountain Gem and Mineral society held in Palm Desert, California. "Faceting is Easy" was the topic of Dorothy Alford, Jessie Chittenden spoke on "Simple Jewelry Design," and A. B. Meiklejohn discussed "Correct Shapes for Cabochons."

Santa Monica Gemological society now lists 84 members on the club roster.

Mineral specimens were exchanged by members of Santa Fe Gem and Mineral Club at a Christmas party.

Gertrude Parsons of Sacramento Mineral Society won a first prize at the Death Valley Encampment mineral show for her work in cabochons.

According to the *Puget Sounder*, monthly bulletin of the Tacoma, Washington, Agate Club, Stone Age artifacts have been found deep underground near Helena, Montana. They were discovered by Dr. William D. Strong, head of the anthropology department at Columbia University, who estimates they were made 10,000 years before Columbus discovered America.

*Rear Trunk* is again being published by the Nebraska Mineral and Gem society after a year's absence. In the first return issue, Ula Ross described the society's field trip and picnic to Tekamah Park, where fossil leaf specimens were obtained.

Clark County, Nevada, Gem Collectors celebrated the holiday season with a pot-luck supper.

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# Amateur Gem Cutter

By LELANDE QUICK, Editor of The Lapidary Journal

An event of importance to the gem cutting fraternity will take place here at our *Desert Magazine* Pueblo on the week-end of February 23-24. We hope it will be a significant event and become an annual affair of large proportions. The expansive facilities of the *Desert Magazine* have been donated to the local Shadow Mountain Gem & Mineral Society. They are promoting the First Annual Desert Mid-Winter Rockhound Fair.

At the end of February, when the desert is entering its most glorious season and the sunshine is just the right temperature to warm hearts and personalities to their most expansive moods, there will be an array, right here in the desert, of the gems and rocks that have been carried out of the desert in former years.

While this issue is on the press many societies in Southern California will be considering the invitations extended them to display a case or two of their top specimens and gems in this show. It is unthinkable that any invited society will decline to cooperate in an opportunity to bring back to the desert folks for a few days the best results of work on desert stones taken from here through the years. Many of the stones were gathered as the result of published field trips in this magazine. Most of the invited societies had their genesis in an invitation in this column to submit names for new organizations on which we personally followed through by helping them organize. It is simple justice that "one good turn deserves another." Unfortunately all societies cannot be invited because of limited space.

There will be magnificent displays in our art gallery (75 x 36 feet) of cases of faceted stones and jewelry, but we are urging societies to stress the importance of "just rocks" . . . to bring back the polished flats, the geodes, the crystal specimens, the petrified wood and polished rocks and not just to bring us a top lapidary display of cabochons and jewelry.

Ultra-Violet Products Co. has promised to install in our dark room one of the finest fluorescent displays ever seen. There will be a special table on which rough rocks will be displayed—rocks that can be handled and examined by anyone and competent persons will answer all questions.

We believe that the most significant new show feature will be a large section at which any rockhound from anywhere can display his bragging piece. If you have a rock you love above all others bring it along in your pocket or handbag and just set it on our big tables in the press room, on a card that indicates your name and address and identifies the piece. It will be in good hands and thousands of others can admire it while you go about and see the other things. You can pick it up and go home any time you wish. And while you are picking out that nice piece, stuff a hunk of rough in your pocket to deposit on our Trail Shrine—a pile of rocks that is growing bigger every day; a good luck gesture for your future rock wanderings.

Sure—the dealers will be here—as many as we can accommodate and that is hardly more than eighteen or so. Our mail room and bindery will be given over to a rest area and the dealers' tables. The dealer space is the cheapest ever offered for no one is making any money on this affair.

For probably the first time the dealer will not have competition from a host society. There will be no admission charged at this show, no grab bags for sale, no raffles and no solicited donations of any kind. The small rent charged the dealers will just about cover incidental expenses since the host society has no expense for rent, tables or cases. Home made cake, pie and coffee will be served by our ladies as a convenience to the crowd and to augment the society's treasury for its own lapidary shop and classes and for the building of display cases. The machinery manufacturers will be housed in our six garages. All the latest lapidary machines and gadgets will be demonstrated.

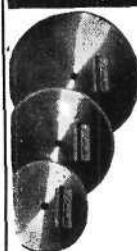
This show will be given in conjunction with our Riverside County Fair and Date Festival, taking place down the road about nine miles. The Fair will have a gem and mineral exhibit too at which all the societies in our own county will be exhibiting for prizes. But there will be no prizes or ribbons offered for anything here at Palm Desert; no one driving home with a lump in his heart because of misunderstood judging. There is no glory in this for anyone—it is just a cooperative gesture of the rockhounds who have enriched their lives with the rocks of the desert. Drive in from anywhere; it's just a fine day's return trip from nearly all Southern California points. And if you wish to spend the weekend there are more than 6000 hotel and motel rooms within a fifteen mile radius although it would be wise to book accommodations ahead. If you are a rockhound or a would-be rockhound come and join our party.

Comes now a most important announcement. This show will wed art and science in a new form—paintings using crystal forms to tell a story. Our gem display will be in our art gallery; as lovely a spot as any gem show has ever graced. To maintain the desert atmosphere our great collection of desert paintings will continue to hang on our walls and will be for sale. But in the offices of the *Desert Magazine* and the *Lapidary Journal* there will be displayed the paintings by Pasadena artist, Katherine F. Clarke. This artist has used mineral crystals as the themes of her paintings and the work will be widely cussed and discussed. It is so unique that it will make many people happy; make many mad. All of the pictures will be presented in the February issue of the *Lapidary Journal*, out just a few days after this appears. A group of beautiful tourmaline crystals portrays the "fortifications." Quartz crystals portray the "city." A fisherman tosses his lasso around the moon in a picture entitled "I've snared the moon"—all done with rutile in quartz. "Earth the Magician" is a magnificent thing of ocean waves tossing the amethyst crystals in a geode. The most unique picture is based on the theme of Debussy's "Submerged Cathedral"—with the fish playing through the massed quartz crystals.

And don't forget—while you are here you can fill in your files of wanted back issues of both the *Desert Magazine* and *Lapidary Journal* and both Randall Henderson and myself welcome this opportunity to renew many friendships and make new ones at the most unique "open house" the desert has known.

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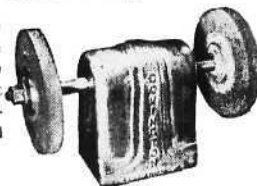
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By RANDALL HENDERSON

**D**URING THE last month two letters have come to my desk expressing criticism of that great fraternity of hobbyists known as rockhounds. One of these letters is from Edwin J. Wright of Whittier, California. Mr. Wright's criticism also is directed at the editorial program of *Desert Magazine*. Perhaps it will help clarify the situation if I will publish his letter and my answer. Mr. Wright wrote:

"Two years ago I got mad at you *Desert Magazine* people—and in a way, I am still mad. Perhaps I am wrong. But, although I am still upset, I offer constructive criticism. Please take in good faith what I have to say.

"I have roamed the desert a lot—for pastime. I love getting out in God's country. What I have found has not amounted to much materially, but the pleasure I have derived is beyond calculating. And I owe it to no one but myself. I don't want anyone to tell me where to go or what to see. I find it myself, and reap the full satisfaction.

"Now, why did I get mad at *Desert Magazine*?

"Because you are always harping on those rockhounds who higrade sites and leave fields looking like bombs had landed there. Often they finish up the job by battering up the road markers, scattering boxes, cans and debris about.

"Sometimes you criticize their doings, but you continue to encourage them, giving them all the help you possibly can by publishing maps with field trip stories.

"Why not write the stories and forget the maps? Let general directions suffice, and make the rockhounds hunt their own specimens. The true rock lover will derive more sport from seeking out his own location and gathering his rocks from unspoiled country.

"I am a mechanical and civil engineer. I have been in California long enough to have earned the title of native son. There was a time when I could go to the desert and be assured of finding natural beauty, and escaping this gang that runs all over you. Now, I am not so sure."

\* \* \*

In answer to this letter, I wrote Mr. Wright as follows:

"I do not expect to convert you to my way of thinking, but I would like to give you a glimpse at least of a somewhat broader view than is expressed in your letter.

"From the day of its inception it has been the mission of *Desert Magazine* to break down old prejudices and fears which your forefathers and mine felt toward this arid land. We publish maps to bring people out into the desert country for wholesome recreation, and to help them find their way around.

"Mineral field trips merely are one phase of that general program. We publish maps showing the way to scenic canyons, historical landmarks, ghost mining camps and reclamation projects. Perhaps there are a few people who follow these maps and take purple glass from the

ghost towns, cut their initials in the trees in the Palm Canyons, and leave their rubbish beside the historical landmarks—but only a few do that. It is my view that the good purpose we serve in bringing people out into the sunshine and clean air of the desert far more than offsets the evil that is done by the few. Generally, the kind of people who vandalize the landscape and toss beer cans into the roadside gutters are not the kind of people who read this type of magazine. You well know that we crusade constantly against that kind of thing.

"As for the rockhounds, are they any different from the prospectors who have been roaming over this desert land for the last 100 years, seeking precious minerals—and mining them whenever and wherever they are found?

"True, when one of them finds a good field, they all rush in to share the good specimens—but haven't miners been doing that ever since gold first was discovered in California?

"The main difference is that most of the rockhounds have to earn a living at an occupation which keeps them on the job five or more days a week. They do not have time and equipment to go out seeking new fields. If they are to get any reward for their desert field trips they must depend on the tips given by their Mineral Societies, by their fellow rockhounds—or by *Desert Magazine*.

"There is no one to grub-stake the rock collectors, and so they do their week's work and then in the few hours that are left they rush out to pick up what they can in the mineral fields—and many of them spend their remaining leisure time cutting and polishing these stones into beautiful gems.

"Tramping the desert is good for people—whether they are seeking camera pictures, botanical specimens, or just plain rocks. The broad view held by our *Desert Magazine* staff is well expressed by these four lines which came to my desk this week in a poem by Claude C. Walton of Evanston, Wyoming:

"Here a soul can grow in stature, reaching to the  
very stars,  
And a heart forget the prison of convention's  
rigid bars.  
These are things that make me love it, God-for-  
saken though it be—  
Oh barren land, in your domain a man is free—  
is free!"

"This is a big, big desert. The rockhounds have found access only to a few tiny corners of it. There will always remain great expanses of unknown land where prospectors like yourself may go to find your own minerals—and beauty.

"In the meantime I hope it will be possible for you to come out to Palm Desert February 23 or 24—the dates of our Mineral Fair—and see for yourself the beauty these rockhounds have found inside of the rough stones they pick up on the desert."



# Books of the Southwest

## LIFE WITH THE NAVAJO IS DELIGHTFUL STORY

It was delightful to learn from *No Dudes Few Women* by Elizabeth Ward that there is another musical term meaning somewhat the same as *manana*—the Navajo word *escantoh*—"any time after day after tomorrow, maybe later than that." Perhaps ulcer-ridden Americans could do with a little *escantoh*!

Elizabeth Ward married a cowboy and during the Depression went to the Navajo reservation to live, where her husband became a range rider to help enforce stock reduction work as part of the government's revolutionary soil conservation program. The Navajos were over-grazing the reservation and it was inevitable that wide resentment should follow the compulsory cutting down of their stock by the government. How this young couple met the dangers, hardships and trials which they encountered in this service makes fascinating reading. The customs and life of the isolated colorful Navajos, their traditions and ceremonial Sings are retailed with sparkling zest and gaiety.

Against the brilliantly painted cliffs of that northern desert country, over the sun baked sands and through the deeply eroded arroyos, the proud Navajos still live much of their traditional life, and Elizabeth Ward introduces us to many of them with understanding and sympathy.

The rather meaningless title does not quite prepare one for the warm human quality of the book. The reader will learn much about the fine Navajo people from this entertaining autobiography of the wife of a cowboy who looked much like Gary Cooper, and talked as little.

Published by The University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque. 251 pp. \$4.50.

## SCIENTIFIC VOLUME IDENTIFIES ARIZONA FLORA

Growing uncultivated in Arizona are 3370 species of flowering plants, ferns and fern-allies. Nearly every North American form is represented in this state, where diversity is encouraged by a great range in topography, altitude, soils and climate.

*Flowering Plants and Ferns of Arizona*, by Thomas H. Kearney and Robert H. Peebles, was issued in 1942 as a miscellaneous publication of the United States Department of Agricul-

ture. Out of print for several years, the book returned to demand, and the co-authors have prepared a revised edition.

However, in view of the increase of known flora in Arizona, the inclusion of a wealth of new information and the entire revision of most of the longer keys, it seems proper to regard the present book, *Arizona Flora*, as a new volume rather than a second edition of the earlier publication.

The main object of the book is identification, and keys for families, genera and species are provided. Each species is located geographically. For most, the altitudinal range and time of flowering are listed as well. The authors describe economic uses, toxic or other properties, and ornamental value of many plants, giving particular attention to the utilization of native plants by the large Indian population of the state.

An excellent index of scientific and common names, a glossary of botanical terms and a complete bibliography occupy final sections of the 1032-page work. Numerous photographs serve as illustration.

Dr. Kearney and Mr. Peebles have studied the flora and collected plant specimens in Arizona for a period of 25 years. As well, they have examined thousands of specimens in herbaria and botanical collections. Twenty-four other botanists have assisted with contributed treatments of special groups.

*Arizona Flora* is a monumental scientific study in localized botany.

Published by University of California Press, 1951, 1032 pp. Index. Halftone illustrations. \$7.50.

## NEW MEXICO HISTORY COMPREHENSIVELY TOLD

New Mexico archives of 1608-1680 were destroyed by Indians in the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. The resulting 72-year gap in New Mexico history long was referred to by historians as the "silent years." They shied away from publishing accounts of an era of which virtually no record existed. What was written drew largely on popular fancies, legends and half-truths.

Recently completed research in Spain and Mexico has filled in the historical chasm. Among the first to make use of this important material was Cleve Hallenbeck, who in *Land of the Conquistadores* presents a comprehensive view of New Mexico his-

tory from the days of the Conquistadores to the arrival of Colonel Doniphan's army in Santa Fe.

The history of the United States contains no more dazzling chapter than that concerned with the parade of plumed and armored Conquistadores, brown-garbed priests, weirdly painted Apaches and Comanches, gold-braided governors and their lovely ladies who took part in the thrilling pageant of the Southwest's colonial and pre-colonial days.

Drama, intrigue, wars and massacres; continual strife between missionaries and governors, between missionaries and Indians, between Indians and colonists characterized this epoch. But the discouraged Indians saw two Spaniards appear for each one they cut down, and what they believed to be the final rout of the colonists in the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 was merely the blowing of seeds in the wind.

Gleaned from an interesting variety of primary source materials, an illuminating discussion of everyday colonial life richly supplements the history. That busy artery of travel, El Camino Real, is described with a realism made sharper by an admirable foundation of factual detail.

The book is adequately illustrated with reproductions of drawings and maps.

Published by Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1950, 375 pp. Index. \$5.00.

## SALTON SEA STORY IS TOLD IN NEW BOOKLET

The story of Salton Sea is simply told in a little handbook written this year by Helen Burns of Salton Beach, and printed at the *Desert Magazine* publishing plant.

Mrs. Burns spent many months of research in preparing an accurate story of the formation of the sea during 1905-06-07 when the entire flow of the Colorado gashed through Imperial Valley and formed the inland lake that exists today.

The little book also includes two maps drawn by Norton Allen, one of them showing the Imperial basin at the time of the flood, and another of the basin today.

In addition to the history of the Sea, the author has given summaries of the sports activities of the area—hunting, fishing, boating, hiking and rock hunting. Also included is a calendar of the important annual events held in the towns of the Salton basin.

Published by the author. 32 pp. and paper cover, maps, halftones. 85c.

Books reviewed on this page are available at Desert Crafts Shop, Palm Desert

# Lost Gold! Ghost Towns! Gem Fields!

Over a period of years Desert Magazine has brought together the most complete collection of stories ever published about the lost mines, ghost towns, gem fields and historical landmarks in the desert Southwest. Most of these stories are accompanied by accurate, easy-to-follow maps. You may have all this information instantly available in your

own library by buying the back issues of the magazines in which they appear.

A limited number of these back copies are still available at less than 17 cents each. These magazines also contain many other maps not listed below. Here is the list of magazines now available for you, classified for easy reference:

## MAPS FOR TRAVELER AND EXPLORER . . .

- Dec. '45—Palms in Pushawalla Canyon. MAP
- Apr. '46—Palms That Grow in Cat Canyon. MAP
- May '46—By Jalopy Through "The Sweepings of the World." MAP
- Jun. '46—Hopi Trek to the Land of Big Water. MAP
- Jul. '46—Palm Hunters in the Inkopah Wastelands. MAP  
Freak Rocks in Nature's Wonderland.
- Aug. '46—We Camped at Cantu Palms. MAP
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- Oct. '46—Atomic Man in the Haunts of the Ancients. MAP
- May '47—Day in Grapevine Canyon. MAP
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- Aug. '48—Utah's Incredible Arch of Stone. MAP
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- Sep. '49—They Left Their Story in the Desert Sands. MAP
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- Dec. '49—Valley of the Cathedrals. MAP
- Jan. '50—When Stage Coaches Came to Vallecito. MAP
- Feb. '50—Desert Playground. MAP
- Mar. '50—Buckboard Days at Silver Reef. MAP

TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION SET, 30 mags. \$5.00

## FOR THE LOST TREASURE HUNTER . . .

(6 of these stories include maps)

- Aug. '46—John D. Lee's lost gold mine, Ariz.
- May '47—Searching for lost cities of the desert.
- Jun. '47—Lost quartz-silver vein, Calif. MAP
- Sep. '47—His Compass Was a Burro's Tail, Ariz. MAP
- Jan. '48—Their Glory Hole Pinched Out.
- Mar. '48—Guadalupe gold, Texas
- Apr. '48—Maximilian's Treasure.
- Jun. '48—Tim Cody's lost gold ledge, Nev.
- Jul. '48—Lost Treasure of del Bac.
- Sep. '48—Haunted Silver in Arizona. MAP
- Oct. '48—New Clues to Pegleg Gold. MAP
- Dec. '48—Emerald Mine in Santa Rosas.
- Jan. '49—Lost Squaw Hollow Gold Ledge, Arizona.
- Feb. '49—The Potholes Placer, Utah.
- Jun. '49—There's Placer Gold in the Desert Bajadas.
- Feb. '50—Lost Gold of Salt Spring. MAP
- May '50—Swamper's Gold.
- Jun. '50—On the Trail of Alvord's Gold. MAP
- Jul. '50—Lost Mine of Coconino.
- Sep. '50—Silver Mine of the Old Opata Indians.
- Oct. '50—Gold Pockets in the Santa Rosas.

LOST TREASURE SET, 21 magazines . . . \$3.50

## MAPS FOR THE ROCK HUNTER . . .

- Apr. '46—Beach Stones Along the Colorado. MAP
- May '46—Green jasper, near Lake Mead, Nevada. MAP
- Jun. '46—Agate, chalcedony, etc., Arizona. MAP
- Aug. '46—Fossils While You Wait. MAP
- Sep. '46—Gem onyx field, near Las Vegas, Nevada. MAP
- Oct. '46—Augite crystals, Hopi Buttes, Arizona. MAP
- May '47—Hauser geode beds, Black Hills, Calif. MAP
- Jun. '47—Gems From a Hidden Paradise. MAP
- Jul. '47—Geodes at Searchlight, Nevada. MAP
- Aug. '47—Agate, chalcedony, Fossil sprs., Arizona. MAP
- Oct. '47—Collecting crystals, Topaz mt., Utah. MAP
- Jan. '48—Hunting Rocks in the Calicos. MAP
- Apr. '48—Nature's Freaks on Salton Shore. MAP
- Jun. '48—Rock Hunters' Wonderland. MAP
- Jul. '48—Agate and chalcedony, Turtle mts., Calif. MAP
- Oct. '48—Ancient Beach pebbles, Colorado riv. MAP
- Nov. '48—Blue agate on the Mojave. MAP
- Dec. '48—Gem field in Cady Mts. MAP
- Feb. '49—Kyanite Crystals in Imperial County. MAP
- Mar. '49—Turquoise hunters have a field day. MAP
- May '49—Geodes, Chalcedony, Southern Arizona. MAP
- Jun. '49—Jasper along Highway 60. MAP
- Jul. '49—Sandspikes on the border. MAP
- Aug. '49—Uranium Strike in Petrified Wood. MAP
- Sep. '49—Agate, jasper, on Devil's Highway. MAP
- Oct. '49—Fossils in Coyote Mountain. MAP
- Nov. '49—Apache Tears at Bagdad. MAP
- Dec. '49—"Lakeview Diamonds" in Oregon. MAP
- Jan. '50—In the Garnet Fields of Ely. MAP
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